

California FAIRY TALES



MONICA SHANNON

illustrated by

CE/MILLARD







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Helen S Myers

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California Fairy Tales

MONICA
SHANNON

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CE
MILLARD



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To

Two friends, H. B. K., who nursed me through the Poison Oak, and H. E. H., who nursed me through my first stories. And to the tribal children, Betty Ann, Barbara, George and "Stuff", Mary Désirée, Frederick, and Mary Jane, these tales are dedicated.



Sprites were here when ample camels ambled
And tigers cocked a weather eye for rain.
Then fairies sailed with Gaspar de Portola,
Coming in old galleons from Spain.

After that some Irish elves came traipsing
Down the world to see what could be seen;
Settling on a mushroom dotted mesa,
Tempted by a greener shade of green.



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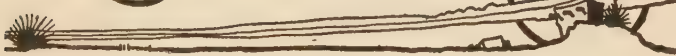
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THE BEAN BOY

A stylized illustration in a simple, hand-drawn style. It features a large circle, likely representing a sun or moon, positioned behind a range of low, rolling hills. A small, simple house with a chimney is situated on one of the hills. To the left of the hills, there is a small, spiky plant. The entire scene is rendered in a single color, possibly brown or black, on a light background.

THE BEAN BOY



IN THE years between this and that, there lived a little boy named String, because he used strings for shoelaces: a red string in one shoe and a green string in the other. Now, String lived in a Lima Bean Field. And when the Lima beans were green he picked them, put them in sacks, and took sackfuls of green Lima beans into town to sell, so he was called the Bean Boy.

One morning, when the town looked yellow and dusty as a Chinaman sitting in the sun, String stopped at the Governor's Palace to leave a sack of green Lima beans for the Governor's little daughter, who had ordered large, flat beans in her soup. She was called Dulce because, although her eyes were dark and sad, her smile was sweet and gaudy as a dulce.

Now, Dulce was leaning out of the palace window watching for her sack of large, flat beans, when the Bean Boy came whistling into the patio of the palace, tripping over his red and green shoestrings, always coming undone. Dulce ran downstairs, fetching a pan, so the Bean Boy could dump out his sack of big, flat beans. Then the Bean Boy sat down to tie up his green and red shoestrings. By this time, the Governor's little daughter had stopped smiling, so String noticed how sad and dark her eyes looked.

"It must be nice," she said, "to live in a Bean Field and bring sacks of beans into town."

"It is nice. And I am always finding things on the way in and out."

"What kind of things?" asked Dulce eagerly.

"Oh, tree toads and moonstones and old Spanish pesos and Indian beads and kelp for dress-up helmets."

At that the Governor's little daughter smiled her gaudy smile.

"Maybe," she asked, "maybe you can find my dream for me?"

"Maybe I can," said the Bean Boy.

"I dreamed," Dulce said, "that my father was



She was called Dulce

not a governor any more and didn't need to worry about revolutions. I dreamed that he was an Organ-Grinder Man, with a tiny tomboy monkey from Central America."

The Bean Boy nodded. "I know. And you went with him, walking through bean fields, singing 'Maria Mia.' And people filled your cup with pennies. And you made a bonfire every night, popping stacks of corn."

"Yes, yes, and my father didn't worry any more about revolutions. Just think, he didn't need to worry about revolutions."

Dulce opened her sad eyes wide open. "But I only dreamed it once. Now, do you think you can find my dream again for me?"

"Of course." And the Bean Boy took a moonstone, an Indian bead, a tree toad, and an old Spanish coin out of his pocket, spreading them on the tile floor in front of Dulce.

"Of course," said the Bean Boy. "I can find anything on my way in and out."

"Then," said Dulce, "I intend to marry you when you grow up tall."

At that the Bean Boy went whistling away, tying up the green and red strings, always coming undone.

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Next morning at sun up, String was picking big, flat beans and putting them into sacks, when a Goblin came hurrying up a bean row and tipped his bean-leaf cap, stuck round with oak holly berries, green and red ones.

"Could you possibly spare two good-sized beans this morning?" the Goblin inquired politely. "The finest baby of our king will be christened in sixteen minutes, and I find myself without a christening present.

The polite Goblin bowed as best he could, for he was a thick little person. He had a wide, cheerful mouth and looked hearty in his seaweed suit.

The Bean Boy was red with surprise.

"Two beans, you want two beans!" he kept saying.

"If you can spare them, please," said the polite Goblin.

"Fill your cap," String told him. And he helped the Goblin pick eight or ten fine Lima beans.

"While you are here," the Bean Boy said hurriedly, "I wish you would tell me where to find the dream of the Governor's little girl, Dulce."

The polite Goblin bowed in spite of his girth.

"Certainly," he said, "all dreams are kept in the Cave of Yawns down by the sea, two leagues south, two leagues west. And there you are. But remember not to yawn in the cave. For every time any one yawns, the cave gets bigger and bigger, opening up at the end. And if you go to sleep in there, you will never wake up. Then," asked the Goblin, "who will pick the beans, put them in sacks, and take sacksful of Lima beans into town?"

He went away, looking surprised at his own question.

At that the Bean Boy hurried off, going two leagues south, two leagues west. And there he was at the Cave of Yawns down by the sea. There were dark chests along the walls of the cave. Rich, hand-carved chests, out of which the Sandman was selecting dreams. He stood at the farthest end of the cave, throwing a hand-



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ful of sand into his bag and then a dream. Just like that—a handful of sand and then a dream. “Whoo, whoo,” called the Bean Boy, but when the Sandman looked up the Bean Boy yawned.

The cave opened up at the end just as the polite Goblin said it would. The Sandman was leagues farther away now than he had been before.

The Bean Boy began to feel sleepy now. His hands went to sleep, his feet went to sleep, and every step pricked like pins and needles. Then the Bean Boy yawned again, and the cave opened up at the end, just as the polite Goblin said it would. The Sandman and the rich, hand-carved chests were so far away now, they looked like dots on a dotted line. Then the Bean Boy's ears went to sleep. After that his nose went to sleep. But he said to himself, “Even though I feel all over like a pincushion, I must keep my two eyes awake and walk with my feet asleep until I can nudge the Sandman and get Dulce's dream for her.”

So the Bean Boy walked with his feet asleep, his hands asleep, his ears asleep, and his nose asleep. But the jolt of tripping over his shoe-

strings kept his eyes awake, until he nudged the Sandman.

"Please," he said stifling an enormous yawn, "may I have Dulce's dream?"

"What was it like?" asked the Sandman. "And about how long?"

"Hurry," cried the Bean Boy, "I'm going to yawn again."

"Did it have a monkey and an organ grinder in it and a song called 'Maria Mia'?"

"Yes, yes." The Bean Boy's eyes were closing. But he tripped over his shoestrings and opened them again with a terrible effort.

"It's an old dream," said the Sandman, "almost worn out, so I suppose you may as well have it." He shook the dream out, sticking his finger through the holes. The Bean Boy's eyes closed again. He shook himself, saying, "My hands are asleep, my feet are asleep, and so are my nose and ears, but though I feel like a pin-cushion all over, I must keep my eyes open." So he opened his eyes. The Sandman handed him the old, tattered dream, and the Bean Boy ran from the cave with his feet asleep, his hands asleep, his ears asleep, and his nose asleep. He

was really asleep all over, except that his eyes were awake from the jolt of tripping over his shoestrings, a red string in one shoe and a green string in the other.

Next morning, before dawn, the little boy started for town with his bean sacks and the old dream, which looked as if it were falling to pieces. When he came near the gates of the town, he heard guns. At that, soldiers came out, singing lustily, "Maria Mia." The Bean Boy went into town. The palace was in ruins, and there on some stones sat the Governor and Dulce.

"We have had another revolution," Dulce told the Bean Boy, who noticed how sad and dark her eyes were.

Just then a soldier came running up and spoke low to the Governor.

"Your Excellency must go away at once in disguise!"

Whereupon the Bean Boy handed Dulce the old worn dream.

And so it happened that the Governor disguised himself as an organ-grinder man, owning a tiny tomboy monkey from Central America. He and Dulce and the Bean Boy wandered up

and down the world joyously, making bonfires every night and popping stacks of corn. After they had wandered from one end of the world to the other, the Bean Boy married Dulce one night by a big camp fire, and they inherited great stretches of bean fields, where they lived happily for years and years and years and years.







Good gracious!



NOW, once upon a time, someone told the Man-in-the-moon that he had Arch Hives. So the Man-in-the-moon went to bed saying:

"They tell me I have Arch Hives, so I mustn't eat anything but sweet Valencia oranges."

At that, the sixty servants of the Man-in-the-moon put on their horn-rimmed spectacles and, taking sixty wicker baskets, hurried to every market in the moon looking for sweet Valencia oranges. But, would you believe it, not a single sweet Valencia orange could be found in any moon market. Whereupon the Man-in-the-moon sent for his little boy, Tidy Tips.

"Tidy Tips," said the Man-in-the-moon, who was lying in a pillowy-billowy bed, "you may as well know the bad news. They tell me I

have Arch Hives, so I mustn't eat anything but sweet Valencia oranges. And there is not a single sweet Valencia orange to be found in any moon market. Now, I wonder, Tidy Tips, if you would slide down this eucalyptus tree we've anchored in for a few minutes and trade a basket of moonstones for a basket of sweet Valencia oranges."

Tidy Tips was sleepy and tired because he had been shining up the tips of a eucalyptus tree with moon silver polish. But he said to himself:

"Since my father has Arch Hives and mustn't eat anything but sweet Valencia oranges, I suppose I better go gather a basket of moonstones."

Whereupon, Tidy Tips took a wicker basket, filling it with milky moonstones, shining like cat's eyes in the moonlight. Then Tidy Tips put on his tight Sunday shoes and slid down the eucalyptus tree, as easily as sap does.

He found himself on a beach, curving with wind-blown sand dunes. And the little boy was oh, so sleepy and tired from polishing up the tips of each eucalyptus tree with moon silver polish that he took off his tight Sunday shoes

and, making a cave in a wind-blown sand dune, went sound asleep.

Now, the Sun got up in the morning before Tidy Tips did. So, when Tidy Tips got up, the sand and the sea and the clouds looked as hard and shining to him as if they had just been enameled. Tidy Tips had never been face to face with the Sun before. So he felt as if someone had pushed two hot brass push tacks into his eyes. Poor Tidy Tips, he went stumbling over the sand dunes, blinded by the two hot brass push tacks pushed into his eyes, while the milky moonstones began dropping out of his wicker basket, one by one, two by two, and three by three.

By and by, Tidy Tips felt as if someone had pulled the hot brass push tacks out of his eyes. And, looking around, saw he was walking between bushy orange groves, the fruit hanging yellow as small Suns. Then the little boy noticed he had lost all the milky moonstones out of his wicker basket.

At that, Tidy Tips sat down on a stone and began whimpering. But just then a load of good-smelling hay came down the road, and Tidy Tips stopped whimpering to wonder

whether he would wish he hadn't worn his tight Sunday shoes or whether he would wish that, by hook or by crook, he could get a basket of sweet Valencia oranges for his father. Just as the load of hay was leaving, Tidy Tips wished on it in a hurry that, by hook or by crook, he could get a basket of sweet Valencia oranges for his father.

Wishing on the load of hay made Tidy Tips feel better, so he trudged on, whistling this moon silver polish song:

"I shine the tops of the hippity-hops,
Which toads and crickets make.
I polish up fish, as they splash and swish,
And shine up the mountain lake.

"I scour the sands, like pewter pans,
And silver the sea gulls' wings.
I tidy the tips of tarnished ships,
Rubbing Romance over things."

Whereupon Tidy Tips came to a field full of wildflowers, called Brass Buttons, because they are as small and round and yellow and glittering as brass buttons. He stopped here, sticking a row of Brass Buttons down each side of his tidy jacket. Then he hurried on, coming at sundown to an inn with turrets and courtyards, colored by flying parrots.

Tidy Tips went into the inn where dingy pots and whistles and arrowheads and beads dug out of Peruvian Indian graves, were lying about.

“Good gracious!” exclaimed Tidy Tips, and began cleaning up the dingy pots and whistles and arrowheads and beads with moon silver polish, when the Master of the Inn hurried up.

“Buttons,” he said looking at the neat row of brass buttons on either side of Tidy Tip’s jacket. “Buttons,” he said, “you should be in the kitchen polishing up the silver, instead of



playing with those pots and whistles and arrow-heads and beads dug out of Peruvian graves."

Tidy Tips hurried away to the kitchen, where he polished up the silver with moon silver polish, rubbing romance over things, until, at sundown, the cook married the kitchen maid and people in the inn who had never thought of marrying before, married each other that night, making one hundred and five weddings in all!

Whereat the Master of the Inn gave Tidy Tips a handful of coins and a turret room to sleep in. And next morning, taking his wicker basket and the handful of coins, Tidy Tips went through the bushy orange groves again, buying a basketful of sweet Valencia oranges for his father.

That evening, Tidy Tips caught sight of his father's moon anchored for a few minutes at the top of a brown hill; and hurrying to the top of the hill, found his father sitting up in a pillowy-billowy bed with a napkin tucked under his chin and a fruit knife in his hand.

"Good gracious, Tidy Tips," said the Man-in-the-moon, "I thought you were never coming with that basketful of sweet Valencia oranges."

And seeing how hungry his father was, Tidy

Tips helped him slice up the sweet Valencia oranges, eating one or two himself.

But you can still find milky moonstones along the beach, curving with wind-blown sand dunes, and whenever you see a little boy doing odd jobs, look at him twice, because, for all anybody knows, it may be Tidy Tips polishing up something with moon silver polish, rubbing romance over things.



THE PRINCE
and his Private
RAINCLOUD



THE PRINCE and his Private RAINCLOUD



ONCE upon a time there lived a certain young prince, who possessed the only privately owned raincloud in the whole world. But, unfortunately, like many treasures, this raincloud had its drawbacks. For with this magic cloud the Prince controlled the weather of his kingdom to such a nicety that the crops were always uniformly good and the people had grown prosperous, fat, and lazy. They spent all their time playing Pedro, a game the Prince especially detested. So, one dull night, he decided to leave this humdrum land and go far into the world, seeking adventure. The Prince took with him, besides his raincloud, a Learned Cat and a hamper of fat sandwiches. The Prince followed the Cat, which walked ahead at a lively pace, its tail high in the air.

At sundown, they came to a thriving wharf,

where ships were coming and going. There were oil tankers, lumber boats, and a few passenger vessels, painted dull bronze by the dropping sun. The Cat, holding his nose wide for rats, immediately boarded one of the boats. The Prince followed. When they came on deck, a Pirate in a cloak with a sword swinging at his side greeted the Prince:

"What an elegant Cat," said the Pirate. "Our hold is alive with rats, and we were just praying for the coming of a cat. At last," he declared gravely, "we may set sail." And at that moment the boat began swinging out to sea.

"I am the Prince of Humdrum Land, seeking adventure," the youth began, thinking he should introduce himself.

"It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter," muttered the Pirate in the cloak, hurrying away on some mysterious errand, and the Prince heard him shouting:

"All hands make sail! Tumble up, there, tumble up, there!"

But all the time the Prince was aboard, he never saw another being on the ship, save the Pirate in the cloak, who spent his time shouting orders and bullying an invisible crew.

One warm morning, when the Prince was smoking on deck and watching the flying fish, the Pirate in the cloak came up to him and said:

"The rats are about gone, so I am putting your Highness ashore to-morrow."

At that, the Prince and the Pirate in the cloak both bowed majestically. And the next day, at low tide, the Prince and the Cat went ashore, the strange ship swinging out to sea again.

The Prince found himself on a barren strip of coast. Low sand dunes were sparsely grown with queer wind-twisted cypress trees. But in the distance, the young man saw fine mountains which he hoped would be rich in berries, as by this time his sandwiches had completely given out. The Prince and the Learned Cat walked all day and all night, reaching the gates of a great palace, built on a pine-grown mountain-top. The Prince knocked loudly on the palace gates, but there was no answer. Whereupon, the Cat climbed the high wall, dropping lightly into the palace gardens. Soon the Prince heard a great commotion. The gates of the palace swung open, and the Learned Cat came flying through the air, whizzing by the Prince's ear. Whereupon the youth sprang through the open

gates, which closed slowly, with a rusty noise. He found himself in sun-scorched gardens, where two fox terriers were still panting from their recent encounter with the Learned Cat. The intruder sat down on a broken bench near a dried-up pool.

"Really," muttered the Prince to himself, "this place needs rain." So, taking the cloud from his pocket, he unfolded it and away it went, resting on a high mountain cliff.

The Prince watched the raincloud grow bigger and bigger and blacker and blacker. Then, just when a nice shower was under way, all the doors of the palace flew open, and out came the King and courtiers. The King was a small, tired-looking man, wearing a crown several sizes too big for him and a mantle of dusty plum-colored velveteen.

"Rain, rain," he and the courtiers cried joyously, holding their hands out to feel the heavy drops. Then, spying the stranger, the King commanded the youth to be brought before him.

The King said, "Stranger, you have brought us good luck: it rains!"

"Yes," answered the Prince, "I thought it ought to," and making a circular gesture with

his left arm, he brought the raincloud down from the cliff and tucked it away in his pocket.

The King and the courtiers let their mouths hang wide.

"You don't mean," exclaimed the King, "that you go about with a magic raincloud in your pocket?"

"Exactly," answered the Prince.

"How extraordinary!" And all the courtiers repeated "Extraordinary" after the King, as if they were a mountain echo.

"Do stay for breakfast," the King urged excitedly. And all the courtiers cried, "Oh, please stay for breakfast."

"I shall be happy to breakfast with you, if my Learned Cat may come along."

"By all means," said the King. The gates were opened and in walked the Cat, holding its back high, while stout guards chained up the two fox terriers. The King tucked his arm through the Prince's, and in they went to breakfast, headed by the Learned Cat, stepping over fresh puddles.

The breakfast table was set in a great hall, hung with blue spruce boughs and dogwood berries. A fire cracked like a whip at one end

of the room where cooks were roasting sausages. These smelled very good to the Prince and the Cat, who had not eaten since leaving the ship. Everybody sat down at the long table, and the King called out:

"Where's the Princess? Late again, I suppose."

At that, a girl Princess slipped into the room. She wore a green dress, woven of a variety of fern leaves, and her hair had a sheen to it. Her cheeks were flushed, and the Prince noticed she had been weeping.

"Crying again," mumbled the King, munching his toast. "My dear," said he more kindly, "this is the Prince of Humdrum Land. He has a raincloud stuffed away in his pocket, and just presented us with that delightful shower."

The Princess smiled with her eyes, and the Prince bowed low, lower than was his wont.

"After breakfast, I shall show you the cloud," promised the Prince, "and make you a storm of your very own."

"What fun!" and the Princess startled the court by laughing out loud.

After breakfast, the Princess took the Cat in her arms and went out into the garden, where

the obliging stranger made her a beautiful storm with a rainbow at the end of it.

"But," asked the Prince, "as he brought the raincloud back with a circular sweep of his left arm, "why are you so unhappy? Do tell me you have to marry a dragon, or something, because I am out looking for adventure, having grown weary of the game called Pedro."

"How can you jest about it?" wept the Princess. "In one month I must marry the Foolish Fire Genie, who starts all forest fires, burning down our splendid trees." The Princess pointed to a charred hillside covered with ugly black skeletons of trees. "And he will ruin all the forests in the land unless I consent to be his wife."

"But, my dear child, you forget," said the Prince, "that I am the owner of a private raincloud and can put out any fire this foolhardy genie may start."

"How can we have it raining all the time, for ever and ever," the Princess asked him, "and go about all our lives in goloshes? Think how dreary and damp it would be. Why, the whole palace would soon be blue-molded."

"You are right, of course," conceded the

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Prince, "and besides, we might have floods, washing everything away."

The Princess became sad again, and the Prince began pacing up and down dejectedly.

"Well," said the Learned Cat, who was ruminating, "there is one way out."

"Tell us," commanded the Prince.

"I don't know," mused the Cat; "it's very difficult."

"Difficult, but I am looking for difficulties and dangers." The young man's face brightened with pleasure.

"Do tell us, good Cat," the Princess coaxed; "otherwise, I shall have to marry the Foolish Fire Genie."

"Well," said the Cat, "if the Genie drinks water which drips from the heart of a Century Plant Flower, he will not be able to start any more fires, I promise you. The blossom of the Century Plant opens only once in a hundred years, and each time it finds our forests astound-



ingly thinner because of the folly of this Forest Fire Genie. It is this knowledge which poisons the essence of the Century Flower." The Cat looked smug and wise.

"And tell us, wise one, where is the Century Flower to be found?" the Princess asked him.

"That is just it," said the Cat; "there is only one plant in bloom this month, and I do not know exactly where it is. But this I do know, it belongs to a Disagreeable Dyspeptic King, who guards it with five and twenty dogs, each of them six feet high and covered with spines like cacti. And that," the Cat remarked sighing, "is why I can't go along with you to look for it."

"Never mind, wise Cat, I shall go alone." And the Prince, bidding them both good-bye, started on his strange journey.

The Princess watched by day and by night for the return of the Prince with the poisonous essence of the Flowering Century Plant. But, though the days went one by one away, not a sight of him did she see, and the Learned Cat paced anxiously up and down, his tail drooping behind him.

At last, the morning set for the wedding dawned fresh and clear, and the Foolish Fire

Genie came to claim his bride. The poor Princess was quaking as her handmaidens dressed her in a creamy wedding gown and wound a wreath of fireweed through her hair. The wedding procession started down the mountainside to the only clergyman thereabouts, a Corpulent Elf who lived in an orange grove and performed all the marriages of the land. The orange grove looked radiant in the morning sun, its leaves lustrous and silky and the fruit shining like new coins. The air was swinging incense from waxen orange blossoms, but the heart of the Princess was heavy as a wedding cake that falls in the middle. When the procession reached the grove, a Tidy Gnome with a high forehead came out to meet them.

"I'm sorry," he said, in a voice with a squeak to it, "but His Reverence is not himself to-day."

"What do you mean?" cried the Genie furiously. "Why isn't he himself, and if he isn't himself, who is he?"

"I am sorry sir," said the Thin, Tidy Gnome, "but there was a slight frost last night, sir, and the smoke from the smudge pots, sir, quite took His Reverence's breath away. In fact, he is not himself, sir, and says, if there is no more



and away went
the Genie

frost, he will be happy to perform the wedding in a week and a day."

So there was nothing for the wedding procession to do but turn about and start up the mountain-side, the Foolish Fire Genie smoking with anger. When they were nearly home, the sky clouded over and a fragrant shower began. The Princess could hardly contain her joy.

"He is back," she said to herself, and then caught sight of the Prince of Humdrum Land standing by the palace gate, making a circular motion with his left arm.

The Learned Cat hurried to meet the Princess and spoke in her ear. The Princess turned graciously to the Foolish Fire Genie. "You are wet and tired and disappointed. Won't you come into the hall and have a drink of punch before making your long journey back?"

The Genie consented eagerly, and the Prince deftly dropped the poisonous water from the Century Plant into the monster's drink, and away went the Genie up the chimney in an ugly cloud of yellow-colored smoke, which smelt like sulphur.

In a week and a day, the wedding procession wound again down the mountain-side. The

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Princess looked as light-hearted as a bit of thistledown, her veils flying gayly behind her. And she and the Prince of Humdrum Land were married in the beautiful orange grove and lived joyously on the mountain-top, which never again knew a forest fire. And there was never a long, dry season again, either, because, many an evening, the Princess would ask her husband to make a storm, and when the rain came slanting over the roof of the palace, the youth would tell the Princess of his long, terrible adventure while looking for the water of the Century Plant. And she and the Learned Cat never grew tired of hearing this story. The Cat always stepped warily over the puddles the magic raincloud made and had a hot sausage every morning for breakfast.



WHAT THE LEARNED
CAT REMEMBERS





Blown away as dry leaves
blown away in the wind

WHAT THE LEARNED CAT REMEMBERS



ONE fine spring morning, the Prince of Humdrum Land was sitting in his mountain courtyard talking crops with his Learned Cat, when they heard three great knocks at the palace gates. And in came a Dusty Rancher. He had dry cracked lips, and said hurriedly to the Prince:

"We have had no rain in our valley for ten months and none of the spring flowers are up. Usually, long before this, our valley and foothills are white with unbuttered popcorn blossoms. But, worst of all, the apricot, plum, pecan, peach, and pomegranate trees have not budded. Unless we have rain at once, there will be no crops and the ranchers will starve to death."

The Dusty Rancher wet his dry, cracked lips.

"They say you are the owner of a private rain-cloud. Will you please come back with me and make us a thumping rainstorm."

At that, the Prince folded up his magic rain-cloud, stuffed it in his pocket, and, taking his Learned Cat and a hamper of fat sandwiches, followed the Dusty Rancher. They had far to go, over a ridge of mountains, across a hot, brown, pancake desert, coming, after long hours, to the rich fruit valley where it had not rained for ten months. And the Prince saw for himself that there were no unbuttered popcorn flowers on the foothills. But, worst of all, the Prince saw that the apricot, plum, pecan, peach, and pomegranate trees had not budded.

"Really," said the Prince to himself, "this place needs rain."

So, taking the magic raincloud from his pocket, he unfolded it, when a Tired Woman came stumbling across the brittle field grass.

"Please, please," she called, "do not make it rain to-day. I have just finished a Huge Family Washing. Unless the clothes dry to-day, I cannot iron to-morrow. And since it has not rained for ten months, one day more or less will make no difference to the crops."

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"But it is so dry," said the perplexed Prince, moistening his lips.

"Just think," pleaded the Tired Woman, "how much cooler it will be for me to do my Huge Family Ironing to-morrow when you are making a thumping rainstorm!"

Whereupon the Prince bowed. "Then I shall wait until to-morrow," he said kindly.

Early next morning, when the Prince was standing on the steps of the Village Church unfolding his raincloud, and the Learned Cat was whisking eight mice about the belfry, the Prince said to himself, "I can hardly wait to see how bright and clean this dusty village will look after rain. Why, my Learned Cat will be able to see his face in it." At that, away went the raincloud, resting on the village flagpole. But just as the cloud grew bigger and bigger and blacker and blacker, the church bells danced up and down, ringing gayly, and a wedding procession came down the street.



"The Mayor's Daughter is being married this morning. Isn't she pretty?" whispered the Learned Cat, who had been driven from the Belfry by the sudden action of the bells.

"Dear me," said the Prince, "she is going to get soaking wet if she doesn't hurry."

Soon the Mayor's Daughter and the procession of daisy-eyed children in white dresses reached the church steps. Big raindrops were beginning to fall.

"Surely," said the Mayor's Daughter to the Prince, "you are not making a thumping rainstorm on my wedding day." She opened her blue tissue-paper eyes wide open and out came surprise.

"Oh, certainly not," said the Prince, bowing low, much lower than his wont. And making a circular motion with his left arm, he brought the raincloud back, stuffing it away in his pocket.

So the Mayor's Daughter invited the Prince and the Learned Cat to her wedding supper under a grape arbor.

"I have an idea," said the Learned Cat, putting a piece of wedding cake carefully away in his pocket to sleep on later. Whereupon every-

body at the wedding supper stopped smiling at their own jests to hear what the Learned Cat had to say.

"Why," asked the Learned Cat, "couldn't your Highness make the thumping rainstorm at night, so that nobody need be annoyed by it?"

"This is a splendid idea," declared the Prince. And the bride and groom and the wedding guests all drank a toast to the Learned Cat, who went early to bed, sleeping on his piece of wedding cake. But the Prince walked to the tip-top of a parched foothill, starting a thumping rainstorm which might be well over by morning, when Two Bulky Haulers came calling to him out of the dark.

"Stop, stop, you mustn't make a thumping rainstorm to-night. It will put the roads in a terrible state, and if we don't have our dusty cabbages and parsnips and peppers in town for early market, they will be wilted by to-morrow. And then," asked the Two Bulky Haulers, "who will pay our bread-and-butter bills?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the Prince, and making a circular motion with his left arm, brought the magic raincloud down and stuffed it away in his pocket.

At that the Learned Cat came whistling up the hill, having had a fantastic wedding-cake dream and a nourishing breakfast.

"I am making the thumping rainstorm to-morrow," explained the Prince, "or otherwise these Two Bulky Haulers will not get their dusty cabbages, parsnips, and peppers to town in time for market."

The Cat began washing his face nervously.

"But your Highness can't possibly make a thumping rainstorm to-morrow, because to-morrow is Commencement Day."

Thereat, the Prince of Humdrum Land picked up the empty hamper—his sandwiches having given out—and started home, followed by his Learned Cat. They crossed the hot, brown, pancake desert, went over the ridge of mountains, reaching at sundown the Palace of the Prince on a pine-grown mountain-top. The Princess was waiting for her husband under an incense cedar with a pitcher of cold milk, which tasted good to the Prince and the Cat, after their long journey.

"And did you make a thumping rainstorm for the worried ranchers?" the Princess asked her husband.

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The Prince shook his head. "No," he said, "they wouldn't let me. Each one of them was so busy getting what was good for himself that he didn't remember to remember what was good for everybody else. So, by this time, the fruit valley and the village have dried up entirely in the hot sun and blown away as dry leaves blow away in the wind." The Prince sighed a troubled sigh.

And the Learned Cat, washing his face by the fire after dinner, often says sadly to himself: "Imagine the whole village, flag pole, church, grape arbor, Tired Woman, Mayor's Daughter, Daisy-eyed Children, and Bulky Haulers all dried up and blown away as dry leaves blow away in the wind."

At that the Princess says to her husband, "Look at our Learned Cat ruminating again! Oh, I wish you had made a thumping rainstorm for those worried ranchers."

Then the Prince sighs a troubled sigh. "I tried to," he always says, "I tried to, but they wouldn't let me!"



THE ARTISTIC DIG



THE ARTISTIC PIG



IN a brown wicker basket carried by Mrs. Jose Flores, a little Pig was going to market near the Plaza. He was a round, rosy little Pig with beady eyes and a twisty-wisty tail. Mrs. Flores called him Don Pedro, and hated to sell him to the butcher, but she needed money to buy green-pepper seeds.

Mrs. Flores had walked four miles to market carrying Pedro on one arm and a big basket of artichokes on the other. She set him down by a stall and went to sell her artichokes to a market woman. While she was away, Little Pig lifted the lid of his basket and climbed out. And because the morning was fresh and green as a lettuce leaf, Don Pedro thought he would take a stroll. He picked up the basket and swung down a shady street. By and by, he found him-

self on the edge of a chaparral wood, loud with birds and bees and frogs. Little Pig was delighted. He found a tree with wild-oak apples, ate two, and put one in his pocket. And trudging up and up the mountain-side, Pedro came to a forest of sugar pines where he stopped to drink in a clearing by a mountain stream. Now this clearing was dotted with the strangest crystal flowers, half hidden under pine needles. These flowers might have been made from frozen rainbow drops. Every color was there, besides six new colors that Pedro had never seen before.

Little Pig sat down and made the crystal flowers into bouquets, filling his basket. Then he trotted along through the wood, jauntily singing:

“I trot, I trot, I trot—
Of money I have not;
But I have an apple round,
And strange flowers I have found.
I trot, I trot, I trot.”

Now, who should come along but young Prince Hanno and all his huntsmen in crimson cloaks. They rode coal-black horses and had

pepper berries, picked in the valley, stuck in their tall hats. When they saw Little Pig, they let out a great, "Ho! Ho!" shaking the forest. The Prince turned to his men, "What a comical little pig, gentlemen." But when he looked down and saw the nosegays in Pedro's basket, he pulled in his horse.

"Amazing flowers!" exclaimed the Prince. "Who made these crafty bouquets?"

Don Pedro's heart nearly stopped beating, he was so abashed. Bowing, he said, "Your humble Little Pig, sire."

Prince Hanno scolded his jesting men. "This little pig has the soul of an artist," he said sternly. "See how he put colors together in these nosegays. Get up behind me, Little Pig," he commanded. So, clutching his basket, Little Pig rode behind the magnificent Prince. And when they reached Prince Hanno's palace, built of boulders and warm pine, Pedro jumped to the ground, presenting the Prince with his



basket of bouquets. At that, the Prince ordered a nice supper of several fresh young carrots for Don Pedro, and he was given every comfort.

The next evening, when he was alone on his ferny terrace having coffee, Prince Hanno sent for the plump little Don.

"I have a strange story to tell you," began the Prince, offering Don Pedro some coffee. "I am in love with a Princess, fair as a spring morning. She is called Gaviota. Her hair is amber-colored, and her cheeks are bright as the snow plant of the Sierras. I tell you these details," explained the Prince, "because I consider you an artist. Now, Gaviota's mother is the sea nymph who married the King of the Sand Dunes, but she wishes the Princess to marry one of the water people. In fact, she has a rich old Sea King picked out for her daughter.

"But," said the Prince, "the old mother has a hobby; it is gardening. She owns the most gorgeous gardens down under the sea, and is always on the lookout for new varieties. Your nosegays were so pretty that I immediately sent one to Gaviota. Whereupon, her mother saw the flowers, coveting them for her sea gardens. In truth, she sent me word just now that I might

marry her daughter at dusk in a week and a day if I would send her by to-morrow's dawn a peck of the seeds of these crystal flowers."

Don Pedro jumped up. "I shall go back at once and bring you the seeds, Highness."

"Finish your coffee," said the Prince, who was always a perfect host. But Little Pig couldn't wait. He said a hurried good-bye, little knowing the dangers of his mission.

Pedro rode out in a whirl through the gates of the palace on a snow-white pony with black ears and tail. And the sentinels snapped open their mouths as if they were nutcrackers. That's how surprised they were to see Don Pedro setting out on a pony.

Soon Little Pig found himself in Sugar Pine woods, but they were dark now, so he couldn't find the way, riding down first one trail and then another.

"This will never do," thought Pedro, as he saw the Night sliding away on its roller skates. At that, he heard below him the music of bells. "Hello," called Pedro, but there was no answer. Hearing a sneeze, Little Pig reached down and came up with a small pointed cap woven of Yucca fiber dangling with bells.

"Who stole my cap?" cried a hoarse voice.

"Here it is," called Pedro. "I didn't steal it, just took it by mistake."

"Where are you?" asked the hoarse voice.

"Up here on my pony," said Little Pig.

"That's good," exclaimed the hoarse voice. "I'm late for my wedding on account of this bad cold in my head. Won't you please take me on your pony?"

"I'm in a terrible hurry," Don Pedro said, "and have no time to bother with a jumping-bean bridegroom."

"Oh, do take me," pleaded the hoarse voice, and a teeny-weeny Gnome leapt up sneezing in front of the Little Pig. He was dressed in a suit of waterproof leaves and carried a long green silk handkerchief. "Please don't refuse," coaxed the Gnome, who really had a dreadful cold in his head. For he sniffled and he snuffled and he sneezed until his eyes were wet as two minnows and his nose was rough on the edges and red besides.

"Oh, well," chuckled Pedro, "I suppose I'll have to take you. Besides, I've lost my way, and maybe you can help me."

"I am Nipantuck, and on my wedding night

must help any one who asks me," sniffled and snuffled the Gnome. "So, where are you going?"

Pedro told the Gnome he was on a mission for young Prince Hanno and must be back at the palace an hour before dawn with a peck of seeds of the crystal flowers growing in a damp clearing in the forest.

Nipantuck drew in his breath. "You court death, Don Pedro," he said sharply. "These flowers belong to Contrary Fairies, who sleep during the day in bubbles on top the stream, but at night they are wide awake and will lure you down the other side of the mountain into desert quicksands. The Contrary Fairies dance zigzag at night, and it's zigzag you'll follow them, down to the quicksands.

"And, of course," went on the Gnome, "it is impossible for me to help you, because I am already late for my wedding, and with this terrible cold in my head, I couldn't possibly go into that damp clearing."

"Oh, but you must help me to-night," insisted Little Pig. "If I don't have the seeds at the palace an hour before dawn, Gaviota will marry the old Sea King and Prince Hanno will have a broken heart. Besides, remember, you should

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help any one who asks you on your wedding night."

"Oh, heavens!" sneezed the distracted Gnome, spreading out his long green silk handkerchief. "Take me to my wedding first, and then we'll see what can be done for you. The Queen of these Bubble Fairies is invited, but she may not come, and even if she does, she is so old and contrary that, if she thought any one needed her seeds, she'd die before giving them up."

And Don Pedro was on pins and needles, because he knew morning was sliding up close.

When they came near the cedar under which Nipantuck's wedding was to be solemnized, music from thousands of teeny-weeny tinkling bells filled Pedro's ears, and the forest all about was thronged with gnomes and elves and fairies, carrying lanterns, and the trees were rocking with elfin owls.

"Stay here and keep your eyes shut tight," the Gnome warned him. "As soon after the ceremony as possible, I'll come back and see what I can do for you."

Whereupon, poor Don Pedro sat with his eyes shut tight, when he was longing to see the dancing fairies and the fine wedding of a gnome. But



and Don Pedro was
on pins and needles

never once did Little Pig open his eyes. So long did the time seem to Pedro that he thought the night had slid far away on its roller skates and Gaviota lost to the Prince. At that, red-hot tears ran down his fat cheeks, though he never opened an eyelid.

Soon he heard a sneeze, and then another one. "It's good you had sense enough to keep your eyes shut," said a hoarse voice, "or even I couldn't have saved you. Here are the seeds." The Gnome spoke through his nose, handing Don Pedro a teeny-weeny bag. "The Queen of the Contrary Fairies brought them to us for a wedding present, because they grow only in damp places, and she knows damp places give me colds. So I thought you might as well have them. Better hurry; you may be too late getting back."

Little Pig thanked Nipantuck warmly, hoped his cold would be better, and wished his bride would be a happy-go-and-come-lucky-wife, then galloped at break-neck speed to the castle. The gates were wide open for him. The Prince was still out on the terrace nervously drinking black coffee. Pedro flung down the reins and looked at his watch. Then he rushed to the Prince,

handing him the teeny-weeny bag. It was one hour before dawn. Prince Hanno embraced Little Pig.

At dusk, in a week and a day, Gaviota wed the Prince. The pompous Little Pig, Don Pedro, who had directed the destiny of the Prince and the Princess, carried the ring on a pillow of fragrant pine needles and wore the decoration of the Knights of Most Uncommon Courage on his twisty-wisty tail, and later he was made an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Artists.

The Prince and Gaviota loved each other forever and ever. And Don Pedro grew still more portly, living in great honor at court, while Mrs. Flores got such a nice price for her artichokes that she had enough money to buy her green-pepper seeds after all.



MARIPOSA





17 the stump of
a giant tree

MARIPOSA



A YOUNG and sturdy Sprite once lived in a redwood forest. He built himself a house in the stump of a giant tree; very neatly he fashioned this house with the help of some carpenter bees, making a fireplace where tiny cones from the big trees made quick fires. And the walls of his redwood house were rosy and fragrant. With windows at the side, a chimney that never smoked and five-fingered ferns growing about the door of the stump house, the wood sprite was extremely comfortable. He smoked his pipe before the fire or sat on the doorstep, watching the wind bring fogs in from Monterey Bay, hiding them in big trees as if they were sails stolen from old ships.

And the Sprite used to lie on the ground with his arms under his head and laugh at an old

woodpecker called Bulo, who spent his days boring holes in trees to store away nuts. No sooner would he get one hidden than a fat thief of a squirrel, wearing a red bandanna handkerchief around his neck, would come sneaking by and steal it. Then the Sprite would spring up, still laughing, and go for a long run in the sun-dappled forest, gathering wild ginger and ripe huckleberries for his table.

It chanced that, one Spring, the Sprite began to feel lonesome in the redwood forest. Bulo ceased to amuse him, and the stump house began to seem curiously empty. So he asked a Peddler from the South, "Peddler, in the country from which you came, is there by any chance a young Princess, one who would care for a redwood stump house with wild ginger and huckleberries for her table?"

"Dear fellow," said the Peddler from the South, "I am sleepy, having spent several nights in the poppy fields. Do let me have my nap in peace." And the Peddler, putting a wet kittikit leaf over each eye, slept.

So the Sprite waited on the trail, where he knew the Peddler from the East came up at night.

"Peddler," he asked abruptly, "have you seen a young Princess in your travels, one who would like a redwood stump house with wild ginger and huckleberries for her table?"

"What!" cried the tired Peddler. "Speak louder, please. I have been in a desert sand-storm. My eyes and ears are full of sand." And the Peddler trudged on up the hill.

Then, one day, when the Sprite went down to the beach to bathe, he met a Peddler from the West, a rakish fellow, dressed as a sailor.

"Buddy," said the Peddler, twisting his eyebrows, "the Island of Formosa has such a Princess. But it is far away, and I am not going back."

Whereupon, a slow but good-natured Peddler from the North tried hard to think. "There is," he mused, "a young Princess who lives at Emerald Bay. And she is called the Dyer of Waters. This Princess goes from mountain lake to ocean bay coloring water to suit her fancy, sometimes green, sometimes blue, and sometimes saffron.

"But," declared the Peddler, "I have never seen her, though I have seen the red tamarack gates of her palace. So how should I know

whether she would care for a redwood stump house with wild ginger and huckleberries for her table?"

At that, the Sprite began stuffing the chimney that never smoked with twigs to keep out thieving squirrels, and taking a basket of ripe huckleberries, set out for the palace of the Princess.

He walked for a while along the beach, feeding a huckleberry now and then to hungry sea anenomes, which suck up any bits of food coming their way. And after a weary journey over timbered mountains and across broad rivers, the Sprite came to Emerald Bay and the Palace of the Dyer of Waters. The house was built of a number of canoes, one set above the other, connected by stout pine branches.

The Sprite knocked at the tamarack gates. They were opened by a stout Elf, wearing wide trousers dyed vivid purple and a queer full cap of butter-colored silk.

"The Princess," asked the Sprite, "is she in? I am bringing her a basket of huckleberries from the redwood forest. They should make tasty jam for her pantry shelves."

The Elf rolled his eyes in surprise. "Her Highness," he said, "is now at San Diego, dyeing

the bay a new blue which she has just discovered."

Whereat the Sprite felt tired, knowing for the first time that his heels were blistered.

"But you may come into the courtyard and rest," invited the hospitable Elf.

The courtyard was flagged with black and white pebbles from the beach of Lake Tahoe. And it was broken by small pools, each dyed a different color.

"Where the Princess tries her samples," explained the stout Elf.

At that, the Elf put his hands around his mouth, calling lustily. And in came a comely young Handmaiden carrying a paint box and brushes. She was followed by hundreds of plain white butterflies.

"Huckleberries," said the Elf to the Handmaiden. "Jam for the pantry shelves," pointing to the Sprite and his basket.

"How do you do," said the Handmaiden, who



had hair the color of wild mustard, and nice gray eyes. "I am Mariposa, the girl, you know, who painted the lily." And she smiled proudly at the Sprite.

"Oh, I know Mariposa lilies. Often I pick them for my redwood stump house. But do you really mean that you are the girl who dared to paint the lily?—doing it, I must say, remarkably well."

"Tell me, what is a redwood stump house?" inquired the Handmaiden, rapidly painting the wings of the plain white butterflies, with owls' heads or any other conceit striking her fancy.

"If you would care to come, I shall be delighted to show you one," answered the Sprite.

"But you look tired," cried the Handmaiden, putting down her brushes. "Let us first have a nice lunch together in the garden. It will refresh you."

Thereupon the stout Elf brought in a large flat stone and set it just as one does a tea-table. Then he brought a nicely browned trout, served with water cress. And for desert they each had a bowl of huckleberries from the Sprite's basket.

Then the Sprite described his redwood stump house to the Handmaiden, telling her, too, about

the pink phlox that goes gadding over the forest.

"And just now," said the Sprite, munching tender water cress, "the alumroot and redwood sorrel are in bloom."

"Do let us go," said the Handmaiden. "I have never seen a redwood stump house with a chimney that doesn't smoke!"

Whereupon they set out, the Handmaiden carrying her paint box and followed by a host of plain white butterflies. They trudged over timbered mountains and across broad rivers. When they came to the coast where the Peddler from the West sat uncoiling some old rope, the Sprite and the Handmaiden saw a ship lying at anchor.

"I am off for the Island of Formosa, Buddy," called the Peddler. "Shall I bring you back that Princess?"

"Certainly not," said the Sprite, his hair standing up suddenly in the wind. "And if you are not sailing at once, do come to our wedding in the redwood forest to-morrow at sun-up."

"Oh," said the rakish Peddler from the West, twisting his eyebrows, "never in my wanderings did I see so many white butterflies!"

And next morning the Sprite and the Hand-

maiden were married under a tree in the redwood forest. And the forest was dim and quiet, like a cathedral. The young Handmaiden wore a circlet of Mariposa lilies in her yellow hair, and a dress woven entirely of lace ferns. All the Peddlers came to the wedding breakfast, each one telling queer tales of his travels. And the Handmaiden and the Sprite lived happily in the redwood stump house with wild ginger and huckleberries for their table and now and then a few nuts gathered by their good friend Bulo.



the FAT GNOME
and the
RAG BAG BOY

THE FAT GNOME and the RAG BAG BOY



IN a vineyard covering red hills lived a Fat Gnome. He carried a large grape leaf for an umbrella and every day, all day, puffed up and down the vine-grown hills. He was evidently looking for something he had lost. The Gnome wore a suit of cucumber-green, getting too small for him, as he had burst six buttons. But this may have been partly caused by heavy panting while trudging up and down the hot hills. His shoes were worn down at the heels and powdered with the vineyard's red dust.

Now, the vineyard belonged to a simple man called Gobo. He lived in a plain wooden house, shaded by two pepper trees, growing grapes which he dried under the hot autumn sun.

It was an odd thing that nobody noticed the Fat Gnome searching the vineyard, until late

summer, when a Mexican and his little boy, Paco, were picking the juice-puffed-up grapes and putting them in drying frames. Paco saw the Gnome first. But he didn't tell any one, because it was a secret, a big, dancing secret like a balloon.

Paco was a Rag-bag Boy with a smile, making his face bright as a geranium. He would stop picking grapes and stare at the Fat Gnome, puffing up and down every day, all day, with his grape-leaf umbrella, searching anxiously about the grapevines.

"What has he lost?" wondered Paco. "Poor Gnome, his face is red and hot as a chili pepper, and he is fatter than a muscat grape."

One noon, the Rag-bag Boy was eating his lunch of tortillas and beans under a pepper tree, rocking with conceited mocking birds, when Gobo said to him:

"Let us make a bath, Paco, for those dusty mocking birds!"

So the simple man and the Rag-bag Boy hollowed out a shallow hole in the dry earth. Then Paco began lining the bird bath with pebbles, dusty pebbles, saying, when they rattled together: "Hot, hot, hot, hot!"

"What is the matter?" asked Gobo, noticing how wilted the little boy looked.

"I don't know, Señor." The Rag-bag Boy tried hard to smile his geranium smile. "The sun dries up everything—grapes, apricots, beans, peppers. Do you think he is going to dry me up too?"

At that, Gobo picked up the little boy and carried him under the pepper trees, where water was swinging in an olla. But shade and cold water did not make Paco feel better, so his father took him home to bed.

One evening, after the Rag-bag Boy had been in bed two days, Gobo went to get some ripe figs from a white fig tree, growing by the new bird bath. As he drew near, the simple man heard a great screeching and splashing. His mouth dropped open like a trapdoor. For there was the Fat Gnome splashing about in the bird bath, with fifty or more mocking birds screeching above his head. The Gnome wore a bathing suit he had made himself from several corn husks, and he swam easily.

"If Paco could only see this Fat Gnome dive and splash," thought Gobo, laughing out loud.

The Gnome looked up. "What has become of the little boy who made me this swimming hole?" he asked Gobo.

But the poor man's mouth flew open again with amazement.

"You have no idea," went on the Gnome, "how good a bath feels after I trudge over these hot, dusty hills every day, all day, looking for something I lost."

"But, my dear fellow," asked Gobo, "what have you lost in my vineyard?"

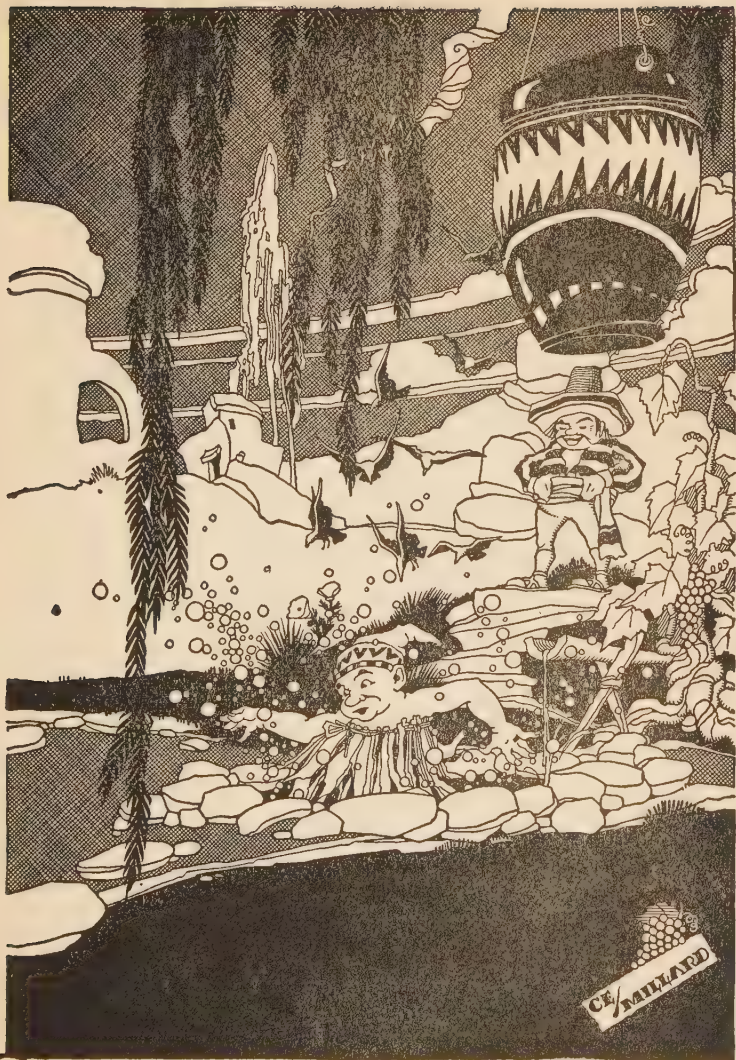
"My wife," grumbled the Gnome.

"You expect to find your wife hiding under one of my grape leaves?"

"Oh, yes," nodded the Gnome. "She's been turned into a lady bug with a green spot on her head, and though I have examined thousands of lady bugs on your vines, I have not found one yet with this mark." The poor Gnome sighed heavily. "It is difficult walking and stooping over when one is fat."

At that, he climbed out of the bird bath, drying himself with a fig leaf.

"I may as well tell you the whole story," he continued, "because, in a way, you are responsible."



CE/MILLARD

One evening ❧❧❧

"What!" exclaimed Gobo. "I am responsible for your wife turning into a lady bug!"

"Oh, yes, very much so," and the Fat Gnome buttoned on his tight suit of cucumber-green.

"Well, well," said Gobo kindly, "come for supper and tell me about it."

"If you have something hot," replied the Gnome, "yes; otherwise, no. I always take something hot after a bath."

"There is coffee," suggested Gobo.

"That will do nicely, thank you," said the Gnome and followed Gobo to the plain wooden house shaded by two pepper trees.

The simple man prepared red beans, ripe figs, and coffee, while the Gnome looked over the geraniums growing about the house for the lady bug with a green spot on her head.

"Any luck?" Gobo inquired, when the Gnome came pulling a stool up to the table.

"Dear me, no," said the Gnome, drinking his coffee from an eggcup. "Her father knew what he was about when he turned Twinkle into a lady bug. I may never see her again." The Gnome began to sob.

"But, really," asked Gobo, soothingly, "what did I have to do with it?"

The Fat Gnome dried his eyes on a corner of the red tablecloth.

"It's a queer story. When I married Twinkle, I was considered a prosperous young Gnome, because, living in this vineyard, I had, of course, all odds and ends left from the harvest. Now, we little people find grapes cooling during the long, dry season. And then, there are the raisins to bring us nicely through the winter.

"It was because of my position as a wealthy grape gatherer, that Twinkle's father, our Mighty King, permitted me to marry his daughter. Though I must say the old King grumbled for three long weeks before and three long weeks after the ceremony. Yet Twinkle and I were married in the Mighty King's castle down by the sea. And seventy mermaids sang at our wedding:

"Marry, marry, the fish all carry
Silver and gold on their backs.

Presents are coming, some of them running,
While others are brought up in sacks."

The Fat Gnome sang his song lustily, bursting another button, making seven in all.

"Now, we were happy as two mocking birds here in the vineyard, but before our honeymoon was over, the Mighty King decided to give a feast for the ocean people. I received a royal summons and was ordered to supply a perfect bunch of grapes for the Main Course of the feast, sea folk never having tasted this fruit. Naturally, it got around among these ocean people that our King was to serve a rare dish, as the mermaids who sun themselves near the shore are lively gossips. So there were talk and excitement about the banquet.

"Twinkle and I walked about the vineyard, one evening, looking for a perfect bunch of grapes. You and the Mexican and the little boy had almost finished the picking, but we found a perfect bunch still on the vines. We picked the grapes, fearing you might put them in the drying frames. Then we hid them by the side of a rock, where the grass was cool and long. We thought no one would find them there, but not daring to take a chance, one or the other of us stood guard over the treasure. But when the **day** of the feast came, grown careless, we both went early to dress. I remember, we were long dressing, because my wife had not finished

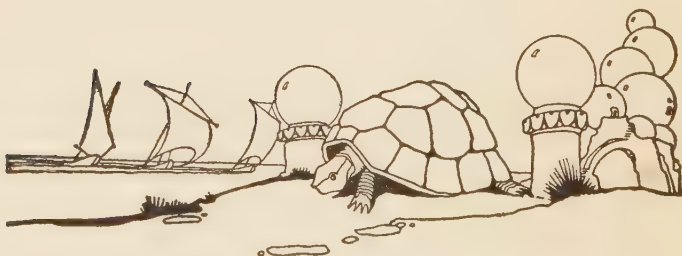
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stringing the pepper-tree berries she was wearing about her throat and in her soft black hair. Twinkle wore a little gown made from strawberry leaves and looked enchanting. We ran, laughing, back to the rock for our bunch of perfect grapes.

"But, will you believe it, they were not there! For you were sitting on the rock holding empty stems in your hands, having just finished the Main Course of our Mighty King's feast.

"Twinkle began to cry, because the other grapes were shriveling in the drying frames. And yet, neither of us realized the horror of the consequences." The Gnome sighed loudly, and Gobo poured him another eggcup of hot coffee.

"When we arrived at the Mighty King's



castle, built on boulders looking out to sea, it shone like a giant bubble. The sea about was flashing with skiffs hung round with bubble lanterns and many colored flags, leaving ribbons of reflection on the water. A giant turtle gleaming with phosphorous met us at the castle gates, to receive the Main Course and set it before the King.

"You can imagine, Twinkle and I were led trembling into the August Presence. The old King sat upon a throne of olivella shells hung with moss. He kissed us on both cheeks, but when I confessed we had lost the Main Course of the feast, the King became lively with anger, denouncing me in words sharper than butcher knives. Twinkle tried to take my part, stamping her foot at our Mighty King. At this, the King's rage broke like a raincloud. His words came in torrents.

"'Out of my sight, both of you,' he cried. 'To-morrow,' he said to Twinkle, 'you will become a lady bug with a green spot on your head, and this careless dullard you have married may search, and not until he finds you will you take your own shape again.' The old King clicked his loose teeth and smiled an evil smile.

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"Twinkle and I fled from the castle, and I have spent every day all day, ever since, puffing up and down these hills looking for her."

Gobo clasped the Gnome's hand. "From now on," he said, "I shall help you. Wherever I am working I shall be looking for a lady bug with a green spot on her head."

The Fat Gnome thanked him warmly, took up his umbrella, and waddled home. As soon as the Gnome had gone, Gobo hurried to Paco, taking a basket of figs with him. The Rag-bag Boy listened excitedly to the story, his brown eyes reflecting like a looking glass the strange things Gobo told him. But when he was half through, the Simple Man noticed eagerness and impatience in the little boy's face. Paco could not stand it longer.

"I have her here, Gobo," he interrupted, "Twinkle, the Fairy Princess!" And the Rag-bag Boy took a match box from under his pillow. Opening the box, Gobo saw a lady bug with a green spot on her head.

"Twinkle! But where did you get her, Paco?"

"On the bunch of raisins you brought me last night. And I thought her beautiful, Señor, beautiful!"

"To-morrow," said Gobo, "you will be better, and we will take Twinkle to the Fat Gnome."

It was sundown before Gobo and the little Mexican boy reached the vineyard next day, and there sat the Fat Gnome on the edge of the bird bath, watching gnats dance over vines, fanning himself with a large fig leaf. He looked tired and exceedingly dejected.

Paco called to him. "Here she is, Señor, here she is!"

The Fat Gnome stopped fanning, startled out of his usual composure. Then the Rag-bag Boy opened the box and out slipped an entrancing little fairy, wearing a gown of strawberry leaves, with wee pepper-tree berries winking in her hair.

The Gnome, as fat as he was, ran to meet her, and he and Twinkle lived happily forever after in the vineyard, to the delight of Gobo and the Rag-bag Mexican Boy, Paco.



THE ABSENT-MINDED
TAILOR

THE ABSENT-MINDED TAILOR



AWAY back in the years there lived an Absent-minded Tailor in the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots where apricots grew all about the kingdom, ripening and drying in the hot sun. The Absent-minded Tailor was named Stitch, but was called the Absent-minded Tailor. And he was a little man with a long neck which he used as a spool, twisting all kinds and colors of threads about it. So that colored threads were hanging down in front of him, in back of him, and on either side of him. All these threads blew in the wind when he went through the arches and up and down the outside corridors of the King's palace in the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots.

Now Stitch could never remember where he put his needles and pins, sticking them any-

where handy. So all the beds in the King's palace in the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots were full of pins and needles, like pincushions. And all the courtiers were covered with scratches. But the Absent-minded Tailor had wonderful ideas, so when the courtiers complained of their scratches, the King of the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots, putting his finger on his lips, like this, said, "Remember he has wonderful ideas."

The King was an old King, dryer than a dried apricot, but he had never been crowned, because the courtiers had been too busy picking and drying the apricots. At last, the day of the coronation was set, and Stitch began making coronation costumes. He made tiny suits of apricot leaves for the courtiers with the scratches, and trimmed them with geranium petals. He made a resplendent suit of blue eucalyptus leaves for the King and trimmed it with pure silver, every thread tested, because he had wonderful ideas. Then he began to make a dress for the King's little daughter. She was called Armary and had thick braided hair that always looked as if it had just been washed. Stitch made her a dress of poppy petals and didn't trim it at all. But be-

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ing absent-minded, he cut two sleeves for the same arm, and the King's little daughter had to wear an old brown dress to the coronation ceremonies. Whereupon the King said, "It has gone far enough. This Absent-minded Tailor has wonderful ideas, but he must go." And it was written on a big piece of paper and sealed with red seals that Stitch was banished from the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots.

So the Absent-minded Tailor hurried from the Kingdom, colored threads blowing out in front of him, behind him, and on either side of him. He carried a yardstick for a staff, and long, thin scissors for a sword. The courtiers with the scratches stood in the arches and outside corridors of the Palace and laughed to see him go. But little Armary ran after him and filled his pockets with ripe and dry apricots.

"Good-bye, kind Stitch," said the King's little daughter. "You did spoil my coronation dress, but you have made me many sunbeam dresses. And I love to watch the colored threads blow out in front of you and back of you and on either side of you. Good-bye, good-bye!"

Soon the Absent-minded Tailor found himself on the Desert. He sat down under a Joshua

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Tree and absent-mindedly ate all his apricots, ripe and dry ones. Then he said to himself, "Now my apricots are gone, I must go to work." So he hung a sign on the Joshua Tree reading:

"STITCH, WITH WONDERFUL IDEAS"

All the desert gnomes and elves and dwarfs and fairies had the Absent-minded Tailor make their suits, because he really had wonderful ideas. But he never remembered where he put his needles and pins, sticking them anywhere handy, until, before long, the whole Desert was sticking with needles and pins. And all the desert elves and gnomes and dwarfs and fairies were covered with scratches.

Then, one day, a wind brought a big whiff of ripe apricot smell out to the Desert. Stitch was sitting cross-legged under his Joshua Tree making a suit out of mesquite bean pods for a sand



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dwarf, when he sniffed the good smell the wind brought. So he stuck his needles and pins in a cactus plant, folded the bean-pod suit, and absent-mindedly wandered until he wandered back into the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots.

And it was no wonder the wind had stolen the smell of ripe apricots and carried it out to the Desert, for the fruit was hanging overripe on the trees, when by rights it should have been picked and put to dry in the sun. The Absent-minded Tailor twisted and untwisted the threads around his neck in astonishment. But he couldn't ask any one why the overripe apricots were not picked and put to dry in the sun, because there was no one about. No sprinklers were going on the lawns of the palace, and the grass had not been cut for ten days or more.

Thereat, the Absent-minded Tailor wandered through the arches and outside the corridors of the palace into the Throne Room. And there lay the old King in state. "Dead!" exclaimed the Tailor craning his long neck. And all the courtiers knelt with bowed heads, beating their breasts, murmuring over and over, "*Miserere, miserere*, the King is dead, and we have no

King," while little Armary wept in a corner. Whereat, Stitch went to Armary and comforted her. Then, remembering he had feet and they were sore from walking over the hot sands, he absent-mindedly wandered up and sat on the throne made from apricot pits, carved all over by hand. He leaned back comfortably on the throne and sighed. At that the courtiers looked up and stopped murmuring.

"The apricots," said Stitch, "are overripe for drying."

The courtiers beat their breasts again, saying, "Bad luck, bad luck, bad luck, the Kingdom is ruined!"

"No," said Stitch, "it is not bad luck and the Kingdom is not ruined." And he made the courtiers follow him out where the trees were dangling with apricots. "The apricots are just right now for apricot butter," said Stitch wisely, and he put the courtiers to work at sun-up in smocks, gathering the fruit, which was soon lying sweet and yellow in thousands of brown crocks. Then Stitch remembered he was tired, and wandered through the arches and outside corridors until he wandered back to the Throne Room, where Armary led him up to the Throne

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carved all over by hand. The King's little daughter bowed and kissed his hand, saying, "It was you and nobody else who comforted me and saved the apricot crop. So I wish you would be our King, Stitch." At that all the courtiers lifted their hands high over their heads, crying, "Long live King Stitch! Long live King Stitch!"

One by one, they came to the foot of the Throne pledging allegiance to their new King, who had saved the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots from ruin.

And Stitch was a great and famous King, because he had wonderful ideas. And ever after, servants put away his needles and pins and pencils and cuff buttons and papers and stamps and shoes for him, so that he no longer stuck them anywhere handy.

By and by, the new King married Armary, and at the coronation ceremonies put a golden crown upon her thick braided hair that always looked as if it had just been washed. Stitch and Armary lived blithely ever after in the Kingdom of Ripe and Dry Apricots, ruling generously and well.

But needles and pins are still sticking in the

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desert cacti, often pricking gnomes and elves and dwarfs and fairies. And a sign still hangs on an old Joshua Tree, reading:

“STITCH, WITH WONDERFUL IDEAS.”



LAST OF THE LEPRECHAUNS



LAST OF THE LEPRECHAUNS



THERE lived, once upon a time, a poor Widow Woman, who owned a barren strip of land along the Western Ocean. The old Woman decided to plant the land with eucalyptus trees, because they grow quickly and can be cut down and easily sold. Soon, the barren strip of land was completely covered with a beautiful wood, the trees slender as candles, their branches burning with sunlight.

The poor old Widow Woman lived in a hut by this wood, watching for the happy day when the trees would be big enough to cut down and sell. Then she intended to buy a warm cloak for her withered back, a goat to give her milk, potatoes to plant in her patch, and food for her larder, which was well-nigh empty.

One foggy morning, the old Woman hobbled out to the wood, shivering in her threadbare

coat, and saw that at last the trees were high enough to cut down. So she sent for a Woodcutter, but, try as he might, the good man could not cut down the trees, which swayed together like dancers in light draperies, making a hissing music. When the Woodcutter saw that the forest was enchanted, he fled in the fog, dropping his ax so hurriedly that it nicked the tail of a Wharf Rat, making his leisurely way through the wood.

The old Woman began to lament noisily because her forest was enchanted and could not be cut down, depriving her of a cloak, a goat, potatoes for her patch, and food for her well-nigh empty larder. The Rat, who was nursing his nicked tail, became annoyed by the old Woman's loud weeping.

"Tush, Woman," he said, "I have cut my tail and shall miss the boat I was sailing north on, yet I make no fuss, while you keep up this noisy wailing."

The old Woman ceased weeping to wipe her red nose, and noticing how profusely the Rat's tail bled, began binding it up with a strip of her apron, forgetting in her work the grave trouble which had overtaken her.



AT MILLARD

Forgetting in her work the grave
trouble which had overtaken her

"Good Little Rat," she said, sniffing from so much weeping, "now that I have bound your tail neatly, can you not find a way to break the enchantment which hangs over my forest and prevents me cutting down my eucalyptus trees?"

"Not I," said the Rat, "though I have been up and down the seas on nine and twenty ships, I have never come across a single fairy and know nothing of their doings. To tell you the truth, I am just a common Wharf Rat, sailing when I get a chance and avoiding on all occasions mystery, women, and members of the innumerable cat family."

When she heard this, the old Woman threw her apron over her head and began to wail even more loudly than before. At this, the Rat said, "My tail has stopped bleeding, for which I thank you, and as I have already missed my boat, I might gnaw down one or two of your smallest trees if you think it would help any."

But the old Woman could not hear him for the great wailing noise she was making. So the Little Rat, feeling sorry for the old Woman, hunted for the smallest tree in the wood and began gnawing and gnawing to see if he could gnaw it down, while the trees above his head

drew together, making their hissing music. Suddenly, something bright slid down the tree he was gnawing, and a little man about so high lit quickly on his feet in front of the astonished Rat. This strange figure wore a baggy suit of burrs and carried a tiny walking stick.

"Come, come my good Rat," cried the Elf, "you mustn't destroy this fine young tree. The forest is really disturbingly small, and these slim trees scant protection for a folk used to the great forests of the British Isles."

At that Little Rat felt embarrassed and began licking his nicked tail. "I was merely trying to help the poor old Woman who owns this wood by gnawing down a tree or two for her," he explained.

"Poor old Woman, indeed," cried the Elf angrily. "She tried to destroy the Last of the Leprechauns by cutting down this scant forest." His eyes snapped like elastic as he drew himself up proudly. "We are the first and last of the wood people. Of old, the great forests of the British Isles were in our keeping. It was we, the Leprechauns, who made the famous oak-apple ale," and the Elf winked his bright eyes three times making a smack, smack, smacking

noise with his lips. "Druids drank it," he whispered, "Robin Hood tasted it——"

"But," spoke up the Little Rat stoutly, "the old Woman planted these trees."

"Old Woman, old Woman," cried the Leprechaun impatiently, "if anything happens to this forest, the Last of the Leprechauns will perish and the secret of oak-apple ale with them."

"And how did you get here?" queried Little Rat.

"To-night," said the Leprechaun, "come to our revels under the biggest tree in this wood, and I shall tell you." And up the tree the little man went as fast as he had come down.

When the moon flew like a kite over the ocean, Little Rat took himself to the largest tree in the forest, where he saw a host of Leprechauns reveling around an aromatic fire of eucalyptus



leaves. Nine little men, playing on oboes, came down to meet Little Rat, leading him to the fire, where the Leprechaun with the suit of burrs sat upon a couch of oak leaves, wearing an oak-leaf crown for a hat. The King of the Leprechauns greeted Little Rat warmly, cracking a chestnut for him, which had been well roasted in the fire. Then all the Leprechauns about the fire began to sing shrilly:

“Beefsteak in pie,
The moon is now high.
Junket and whey,
We’re here and we’ll stay.”

while the nine little men accompanied them on the oboes.

“You see,” exclaimed the King, from his couch of sand, “we’re here to stay. This was the only wood we could find hereabouts, though a miserable makeshift it is after the forests of the British Isles.”

“But why did you come?” piped the Rat timidly.

The King held up his hand. The nine oboe players stopped.

"Bring the Yarn-teller," he commanded, and instantly an old Elf stood before the King. He had white locks hanging to the tips of his turned-up shoes and wore a cloak like a mirror, with thousands of colored story-book pictures reflected in it. The Yarn-teller began droning like a hive of bees. After a while, Little Rat could distinguish words. And this is the story the Yarn-teller told, while the fire burned pungently and the Leprechauns puffed short pipes:

"All the great forests were ours, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales. All ours—oak trees, roots, caves, streams, ferns for thatched houses, oak apples for ale, all ours, for centuries and centuries! Then men began cutting, and the British Isles rang with the sound of falling trees. Men felled the trees in Scotland and Wales; men felled the trees in Ireland; men felled the trees in England. We, the great race of Leprechauns, brothers of the trees, grew fewer as the trees grew fewer. Last midsummer's eve we met in our favorite forest, where centuries ago we knew four and thirty old druids. Here, one morning, the noise of falling trees woke us up early. The noise went on for weeks and months until the whole forest lay upon the ground. We,

the Last of the Leprechauns, mourned, singing day and night our funeral chants. Then they took the great trees to a ship. We followed, still chanting. Loath to leave these tree friends, we remained too long, lost in grief, and were accidentally carried out to sea and across great waters, landing on this desolate coast. All we could find as shelter for the Last of the Leprechauns was this miserable wood, and because it was the only forest hereabouts, we put it under a spell. For we are the forest people, and without the shelter of trees will surely perish."

The Yarn-teller began droning again, and the King ordered him away with a slight motion of the hand.

"Now you know our story," the King said morosely, digging his elbows in his knees and putting his face in his hands. The oboes began to whine again, and the Leprechauns about the fire puffed steadily at their pipes.

"But," cried the Rat, "how stupid for the Last of the Leprechauns to dwell in this miserable forest. On this coast are the greatest trees in the world." The oboes ceased, the King lifted his face.

"Trees," continued the Rat, "older than

druids. Trees so great that they must be gods enchanted."

"Where?" asked the King eagerly.

"Many leagues to the north," replied the Rat. "I have never seen these trees, but sailors talk about them. They are called sequoias. They are older than the British Empire and the valley below them has fields of live oak."

The Leprechauns became intent. They had grown tight as violin strings. Then they made a smack, smack, smacking noise with their lips. "Oak-apple ale," they whispered, "forests older than the British Empire."

"It is too far," said the King, "and we do not know the way."

"Soon," declared Little Rat, sagely, "a ship sails from this port with a cargo of big Imperial Valley melons, going north. When the moon is yellow and ripe, I shall come for you."

And the Little Rat did. He stole through the moonlight, followed by the King in his suit of burrs, wearing an oak-leaf crown for a hat. After him came the droning Yarn-teller with his crystal cloak mirroring story-book pictures. Then the nine oboe players fell in line, playing shrilly. And last came a host of Leprechauns

puffing at short pipes. When they reached the wharf, there lay a big hulking ship at anchor. Very stealthily Little Rat went aboard, followed by the King, the Yarn-teller, the oboe players, and the host of Leprechauns. Little Rat hid a Leprechaun behind each big melon, and they sailed away to the north, living happily forever and ever where the trees are older than the British Empire, the oldest things alive, bigger and grander than any other trees known.

And this is why on wet nights you may hear a smack, smack, smacking noise in the sequoia forests, for the Last of the Leprechauns sit about fires, drinking oak-apple ale made from apples which grew on the oak trees, spreading over the valleys.

And the old Woman cut down her eucalyptus wood, buying a warm coat for her withered back, a goat to give her milk, potatoes for her patch, and food for her well-nigh empty larder. Besides all these things, she bought a nice creamy cheese for Little Rat, offering to adopt him as a member of her household. But Little Rat did not wish to give up the sea and remained a rover and rakish adventurer until his dying day.

The BIG WHITE WOOLLY LAMB





Come back every
Tuesday at this time

CE/MILLARD

The BIG WHITE WOOLLY LAMB



(A story as long as his wool)

ONCE upon a time there lived a Big White Woolly Lamb. He was young for his months but big for his age. And he got more skip out of skipping than any of the other lambs did, skipping higher and faster. Until, one day, he skipped into the Winesap Apple Orchard of a Witchman. Besides the Winesap Apple Orchard, the Witchman had a Witchwife, a Witchchild, and five hundred beehives. And the beehives squatted under the Winesap Apple Trees.

As it was not the Witching Hour, the Witchman was doing nothing in particular, so the Big White Woolly Lamb said to him:

"Tell me a story!"

And the Witchman told him the story of ten

thousand dark-complexioned Italian Bees, coming over from Italy by mail.

"Frozen up they were," said the Witchman. "Frozen as tight as hailstones. That's how they came through the mails, thawing out one Spring morning in this Winesap Apple Orchard.

"But, listen," said the Witchman, "instead of buzz, buzz, buzzing like other bees, they hum Italian arias. Just listen!" said the Witchman.

So the Big White Woolly Lamb listened, and, sure enough, he heard the dark-complexioned Italian Bees humming Italian arias.

"Tell me another story," said the Big White Woolly Lamb.

But the Witchman was out of breath from telling the story of the dark-complexioned Italian Bees; besides, the Witchwife was calling supper.

At that, the Witchman, the Witchwife, the Witchchild, and the Big White Woolly Lamb had a tasty supper of tender witch-hazel leaves under a Winesap Apple Tree, thick with leaves and fruit.

Then the Big White Woolly Lamb asked the Witchwife:

"How would you like a bag of my young wool

to spin and knit into socks for the Witchchild?"

"Oh, I would like it. Very much so!" and the Witchwife smiled a bewitching smile.

Whereupon the Big White Woolly Lamb gave her a bag of his young wool. And the Witchwife gave him a skipping rope for a present saying:

"I have noticed you get more skip out of skipping than the other lambs do."

"Come back every Tuesday at this time," said the Witchman, "if you wish me to tell you stories. But don't come through the Field of Aromatic Flowers that look like tissue paper. Because, if you do," warned the Witchman, "the Italian Bees will sting you to death. We can do anything," explained the Witchman, "except keep these temperamental Italian Bees from stinging you to death if the aroma of those Aromatic Flowers gets in your young wool."

"Thank you so much for the warning and the story and the supper and the skipping rope." And the Big White Woolly Lamb went hurrying home. Now, when the Black Sheep saw him skipping about with his skipping rope, they hung their heads sheepishly, whispering to each other:

"Isn't that Big White Woolly Lamb whimsical, getting so much skip out of just skipping!"

The Big White Woolly Lamb couldn't wait for Tuesday. So he said to himself on Monday:

"I think I'll skip over to the Winesap Apple Orchard and see how the Witchwife is getting on with the Witchchild's socks. And then I'll find out if they really are expecting me to-morrow."

But when the Big White Woolly Lamb skipped into the Winesap Apple Orchard, he found the Witchman and Witchwife had gone to market with their honey. And there was the Witchchild lying under the Winesap Apple Tree crying tears as hard and bitter as hailstones, beating down on a little boat. And he kept saying to the Big White Woolly Lamb:

"My mother spun for three days and three nights, spinning your young wool into a Big White Woolly Ball. And on Tuesday she was going to knit it into socks, but when she went to market, I rolled the Ball and rolled the Ball, until it rolled away into the Field of Aromatic Flowers. If I go get it, the dark-complexioned Italian Bees will sting me to death. And if I don't get it, my mother will spank me, because

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she spun for three days and three nights, and on Tuesday she will have no Big White Woolly Ball to knit into socks."

"Then, I must go get it for you," said the Big White Woolly Lamb boldly.

"No, no," cried the Witchchild, "the dark-complexioned Italian Bees will surely sting you to death if the aroma of those Aromatic Flowers gets in your young wool!"

The Big White Woolly Lamb bit his lip and skipped boldly away into the Field of Aromatic Flowers. He was skipping about looking for the Ball, when the Witchman and Witchwoman drove into the Winesap Apple Orchard, home from market. And, looking around, they saw the Big White Woolly Lamb skipping about the Field of Aromatic Flowers.

"What is the Big White Woolly Lamb doing in the Field of Aromatic Flowers?" they asked the Witchchild anxiously. "No wonder you are



crying, for now the Big White Woolly Lamb will surely be stung to death by the dark-complexioned Italian Bees."

Whereupon, the Witchchild told his father and mother how he rolled the Big White Woolly Ball until it rolled into the Field of Aromatic Flowers. And how the Big White Woolly Lamb skipped over to get it to save him from a spanking and his mother from spinning again for three days and three nights.

The Witchman and Witchwoman sat down and cried because now the Big White Woolly Lamb was going to be stung to death by the dark-complexioned Italian Bees.

But when the flowers that looked like tissue paper saw him coming, they had whispered sweetly to each other:

"Isn't that Big White Woolly Lamb whimsical, getting so much skip out of just skipping?" At that the Aromatic Flowers held their breath tight, so that none of their aroma would get into his young wool; holding their breath so tight they completely lost their aroma.

The Big White Woolly Lamb picked up the Ball and came skipping back into the Winesap Apple Orchard. And to the amazement of the

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Witchman, the Witchwoman, and the Witch-child, the dark-complexioned Italian Bees just went on humming Italian arias.

Then the Big White Woolly Lamb told the Witchman, the Witchwoman, and the Witch-child how the Aromatic Flowers that looked like tissue paper had held their breath tight, so none of their aroma would get into his young wool.

"But they held their breath so tight they have completely lost their aroma," the Big White Woolly Lamb said dolefully.

Whereupon the Witchman and the Witchwoman made a great fire without smoke so as not to disturb the dark-complexioned Italian Bees. And out of the fire came a curious figure, a Young God, dressed in the garments of an Old God. The Witchman and the Witchwoman began chanting together as if they were one person:

"Give us," they pleaded, "a gift for the flowers that lost their aroma to save the Big White Woolly Lamb from being stung to death by the dark-complexioned Italian Bees."

Thereat the Young God dressed in the garments of an Old God, taking something from his girdle, spoke.

"You may give them," he said, "this gift, Immortality. All the other flowers must die, but these humble flowers will live forever."

So it happened that the flowers looking like tissue paper became live-forever flowers without any aroma. And people pick them, putting paper ruffles around their necks, and send them to friends. And the Big White Woolly Lamb skips away every Tuesday to the Winesap Apple Orchard, because he knows now he is always expected. The dark-complexioned Italian Bees still hum Italian arias, the Witchman tells stories, and the Witchwoman calls the Big White Woolly Lamb, the Witchman, and the Witchchild to supper under a Winesap Apple Tree, thick with leaves and fruit.

And the Big White Woolly Lamb will always be young for his months and big for his age, getting more skip out of skipping than any of the other lambs do.





AN UNBELIEVING KING

LONG ago, a King ruled over the Kingdom of Sun-Fire. His castle stood in a desert city, built near a cañon where red rocks took every shape, known and unknown. These rocks rose in cliffs, seeming cities of cathedrals and castles, smoldering in the fierce desert sun. The city of the King lying below these mysterious pinnacles, looked trivial as a town built of blocks. The streets were paved with pebbles in a multitude of colors: jasper, carnelian, agate, and black and white. This King needed no street cleaners; desert winds swept his streets, keeping them always compact and clean.

The King's name was Mikra, and he was a matter-of-fact person who refused to believe in things. He had story-tellers, gypsies, and Punch

and Judy show men whipped out of the kingdom. Then Mikra decreed one day that all fairy books in the land should be burned in the plaza. And children could be heard crying in houses and gardens. Philosophers with gray cotton hoods over their heads sought the King and begged him to give the children back their story books.

"No, no," declared Mikra, "I will have no nonsense in my kingdom. This shall be a country of solid facts."

So all the fairy-story books in the land were piled up and burned in the plaza, making a great bonfire.

"Now," said the King, rubbing his hands together, "we shall have a kingdom of common sense," and he ate a hearty supper of corned beef and cabbage, going early to bed, while the Moon went through the towers of the mysterious cities of red stone turning on dim lights.

One morning, King Mikra walked early in his garden, where a few good orange, fig, and pomegranate trees grew. The garden was shaded by fine old mesquites. Under these good-for-honey trees the practical King kept his one hundred and five beehives filling the garden

with humming. Mikra was happy to see how lusty the cantaloupe and sweet potatoes were getting, when, reaching to pick a black fig, the King stumbled over a big ripe watermelon, which broke open under his clumsy feet. And out of the watermelon stepped a Fairy Princess, shaking water from her pink dress. Her hair and the ruffles on her dress looked rumpled up and down and sideways. She smiled at the King and began patting out the rumples in her hair and the rumples in her ruffles.

A rumpled Fairy Princess stepping out of a big ripe watermelon! King Mikra wiped beads of water from his forehead and his eyes became rounder than olives with astonishment.

"Who are you?" asked the staring King. "And what are you doing inside my watermelon? And how, pray, did you get in there?"



"Are you the examination-paper king—asking questions?" and the rumpled Fairy squinted in the desert glare.

At that, King Mikra remembered his manners and bowed, but only with his head.

"I am Mikra, King of the Kingdom of Sun-Fire, and may I ask who you are?"

"You may ask anything," said the Princess, sitting comfortably on a cantaloupe, flapping her hair up and down to get the water out, "but I never answer examination-paper people, because they mark you on what you say." Then the Princess smiled a smile of surprise.

"Look, I am all dry," she cried, "so soon." And the rumples went right out of her hair and out of her ruffles. And the King noticed that her eyes were greener than any desert thing.

"She is really pretty to look at," said the King to himself. Then he wagged his head from side to side, saying sternly:

"Don't tell me you were changed into a seed and imprisoned in that watermelon, for I promise you I won't believe it."

But the Princess just smiled her surprised smile because the rumples in her hair and the rumples in her ruffles had dried out so soon.

At that, the King called together all wise men in the kingdom.

"Explain this," he commanded: "A rumpled Princess stepped out of my big ripe watermelon. I am sure there is some common-sense explanation for all this."

All the wise men put their bald heads together for seven consecutive days. Then they bowed three times from their waists and said to the King:

"We have no explanation to offer!"

At that King Mikra had the wise men shut up in a great yellow prison, where they were amazingly happy, arguing and experimenting, not having to think about food, taxes, or taking their foolish wives to the theater. And all this time the children of the Kingdom were without their story books and could be heard crying in the houses and gardens. The Fairy Princess heard them crying one day when she was eating bread and honey with the King in the humming garden.

"Sounds like children crying," said the Princess, listening.

"It is the children crying," said the King, getting red as a cactus flower.

"Dear me," said the Princess, "it sounds as if all the children in the kingdom were crying at once."

"All the children in the kingdom are crying at once," said the matter-of-fact King, looking as uncomfortable as if he were covered all over with bee stings.

"I suppose they are crying over their examination papers."

"No, they are crying because I burned their silly little story books in the plaza, making a great bonfire."

"Oh," said the Princess, "you burned all their fairy-story books in the plaza?"

"To-morrow," said the practical King, hurriedly changing the subject, "I am going to take you out over my Kingdom of Sun-Fire."

That night it rained violently on the lomas, mesas, and desert mountains. But when King Mikra, the Princess and the King's soldiers set out at dawn to ride over the Kingdom of Sun-Fire, there was no sign of water on the desert's yellow floor. For the thirsty sands had drunk up every drop. And everywhere flowers had sprung up. The Watermelon Princess had never seen such flowers before, millions of them,

as far as she could see, to the bottom of the mountains painted like Hopi Indians.

"Are they real flowers?" asked the Princess. Whereat the King dismounted and picked her a wild aster, two yellow gilies and a cactus flower.

"Of course, they are real flowers," said the matter-of-fact Mikra, frowning slightly, "but they bloom only once in several years."

"Oh, and of course you know just how these flowers you haven't seen in years sprang up overnight, don't you?" asked the Princess. "There must be some common-sense explanation for all this."

But before the King had time to frown, something caught his eye. "The Barrel Cactus!" he said to himself. Hearing his exclamation, a soldier sprang down, split open the cactus, pounded the pulp, and served cupfuls of its tart water to King Mikra and the Watermelon Princess in tankards of desert gold.

"Please," inquired the Watermelon Princess, "do tell me how this cactus gets filled up with cool water on this dry, hot desert? There must be some common-sense explanation for all this."

"I have no idea," mumbled the shamefaced King.

"Look, look!" cried the Princess. "I see the smoke of a camp fire."

The King smiled. "You see, my child, only Smoke Trees," he said kindly.

"Oh, I love your enchanted kingdom of surprises," declared the Princess, sniffing. "It is big and clear and smells good."

"H'm, h'm," said the King, "you smell creosote and sage. And on the desert each odor is distinct. If that had really been smoke you saw, we would have smelled it."

"But, King Mikra, your whole kingdom is a Fairyland, so wonderful!" The Little Princess lifted her face to the bright sky colors.

The King looked at her and smiled, "You are right, little Princess, and I am beginning to believe in things." And from that moment the King did start believing in things, believing a little more and more every day, until he believed the Princess had been changed by a cruel Genie into a big black seed and imprisoned in a watermelon.

And so it came about that the King and the Watermelon Princess were wedded one night when the Moon went through the towers of the mysterious cities of red stone, turning on dim

lights. And the Watermelon Princess looked beautiful in a dress the color of a desert dawn, her long blue veil caught with sprays of desert holly.

"To-morrow," declared King Mikra, "we are going to buy a great new stock of fairy-story books for this kingdom. You must help me pick them out. We shall take an armload of fairy-story books, full of colored pictures, to every child in the Kingdom of Sun-Fire."

And they did. And no other children in the world had so many and such beautiful picture story books.

The Watermelon Princess and King Mikra lived happily in the Kingdom of Sun-Fire, and children loved them. Story-tellers, gypsies, and Punch and Judy Show men came trooping back, and nobody in the kingdom ever grumbled again except the wise men who were let out of prison and had to begin thinking again of food and taxes and taking their foolish wives to the theater,



LITTLE PAGAN
BEGGARS



LITTLE PAGAN BEGGARS



ONCE, a very long time ago, there lived a little Spanish-Californian girl. And she was called Ysabel in honor of the generous Queen who sold her rubies and emeralds and sapphires so that bold Christopher Columbus could buy ships and set sail for America.

Ysabel lived in a whitewashed adobe house with a red-tile roof, in a town smelling strongly of the sea. A balcony ran all around the top of the house, and there was a patio in the middle, merry with Castilian roses. But Ysabel did not play in the shady patio where men in spurs smoked and Indian women went plumpy-plump pounding corn in their metates. This little girl preferred to make her playhouse under an old oak on the hillside. For here she could lie,

watching ships come into the harbor from Italy and China and Valparaiso.

Now, Ysabel did not know that all the leaves on this oak were fairies and the ground under it enchanted. But I am telling you this secret. Years before Ysabel was born, this tree had been killed by lightning during a storm, and a tribe of Green Fairies took it for their home. In the daytime, these fairies became leaves, sleeping comfortably on the branches of the tree. But, at twilight, they slipped down, took their fairy shapes, dancing fandangos until dawn, when they again changed themselves into oak leaves.

Fortunately, Ysabel did not disturb anything about this fairy spot. You can imagine what might have happened had she pulled but one leaf from this old tree, for the Green Fairies, though admirable in many ways, had their grumpy moments and did not wish to be disturbed while sleeping. Now and then, a fairy would open one eye, watching Ysabel drowsily, and go to sleep again, thinking what a really nice little girl she was.

The Oak Tree did not grow and the Green Fairies did not grow. But Ysabel grew and



She could watch pearl fishers
and whaling vessels 🐚 🐚 🐚

grew until she was five feet tall and a little over. So she fastened her black hair high with a comb and wore a lace mantilla on Sunday when she went to church in the Mission of San Carlos, or attended the bullfights and Indian dances in the plaza. But Ysabel still spent much time sewing under the Fairy Tree, from which she could watch pearl fishers and whaling vessels swing into the harbor, while the Green Fairies slept cosily on the branches over her head.

Ysabel had no father or mother, but she had three uncles, Don Antonio, Don Andreas, and Don Romualdo. And they were great cattle barons, owning enormous stretches of land where cattle grazed on wild pasture. These uncles were big handsome men, who lived all day long on horseback, riding over their ranchos, but coming whenever they could to stretch their legs and talk in the patio of the whitewashed adobe house. Sometimes they would sit grumbling at breakfast. These were the times when the Green Fairies, "Little Pagan Beggars," the uncles called them, had slipped into the patio at night, playing such pranks as filling their hats with corn or skimming a layer of cream from the milk pans.

It happened that the Comandante gave a ball at the Royal Presidio to which La Señorita Ysabel was invited. She wore a saffron silk gown given her by Don Antonio, a blue shawl from Cathay, the gift of Don Andreas, and her jeweled slippers had been a present from Don Romualdo; for these three rich old men were proud of their beautiful niece. So you can imagine how resplendent Ysabel appeared at the Comandante's ball, her dark eyes bright as embers, her shining hair caught high with an ivory comb. And that night, for the first time, Ysabel danced with officers in glittering uniforms, ships' captains from many lands, and likely young Spanish caballeros. They danced to the music of the violin and guitar. But more than with any one else, Ysabel danced with a noble young Spaniard, Don Julio Romero. And so it came about that this caballero sued for the hand of La Señorita Ysabel, and her uncles decided that these two should marry, for Don Julio was a brave upstanding youth, riding high-spirited horses bred at the Mission of San Antonio. His saddle trappings and bridle were inlaid with gold and he wore heavy Spanish silver on his sombrero, because, in the old days

of the King, the land was ripe with plenty. It was no wonder, then, that Ysabel now dreamed of young Don Julio Romero whenever she sewed under the Fairy Tree.

But before the day of the wedding was set, three ships sailed into the harbor, flying dark flags of South American pirates. These ships had five hundred fighting men and thirty-eight guns apiece, with which they stormed the Royal Presidio of the Comandante. Nevertheless, the Spanish garrison, headed by Don Julio Romero, fought so stoutly to defend the town that, in three days' time, the pirates had enough fighting and sailed away. And not until then was it known that Don Julio Romero had been blinded in the fight. He had given no sign during the attack, staying courageously at his post, his high spirits inciting the soldiers to fresh effort. So everybody in the town said to everybody else: "It seems Señor Don Julio Romero is a great hero. You heard how he saved the City? And he, poor fellow, blinded by a shot from the pirate's guns!"

And Ysabel was very proud of him, loving the gay, blind Don Julio Romero even more than before. But when her uncles heard that she

intended marrying this blind hero, they grumbled and grumbled until they were roaring like fires.

"You need," they argued, "a husband with keen eyes to watch the cattle lands. We are getting old, Ysabelita, and we will not let you do this foolish thing."

"But I am marrying Don Julio Romero on the next great Feast Day," Ysabel answered them.

Then Don Romualdo drew the two other old men aside, nudging them slyly. "Give Ysabelita her own way," he said. "How simple to do away afterward with this blind boy. If he is found in the sea, people will say, 'Poor Don Julio, poor blind boy, he fell accidentally over the cliff.'" Don Romualdo laughed, and the two others nodded their heads.

So, nobody suspecting the evil lurking in the minds of her old uncles, the Indians set about preparing the Mission of San Carlos for the wedding of Ysabel and the brave Don Julio. They had gathered fennel blossoms in the foothills to perfume the water for sprinkling the mission floor, when Ysabel said to an Indian boy, called Pancho, "I would like the whole Mission

decorated, Pancho, with branches from the Oak Tree I played under as a child. So, to-morrow morning, you will come early and we will gather the boughs."

Just before dawn next day, while lights were still burning on the whalers and pearl-fishing vessels in the harbor, Ysabel and Pancho set out to gather the oak branches. It was so early, the Green Fairies were still dancing and reveling, but when they heard Ysabel and Pancho coming up the hill, they quickly changed themselves into leaves and snuggled down on the Oak Tree, curious to know what brought Señorita Ysabel out at such an hour. The girl sat for a few minutes under the tree, watching the Sun walk like a god on the ocean. Then she talked to Pancho, telling the little boy what a real affection she had for this old tree, and how happy she would be to have its green branches roofing the Mission for her wedding.

Now the Queen of the Fairies and all her subjects heard every word Ysabel said to the little Indian boy. And the Green Fairies felt proud and were delighted to be going to a wedding. So the Queen allowed Pancho to gather the boughs. The Green Fairies hung on tight, and

after the walls of the Mission were covered, went sound asleep.

Soon, all the ships in the harbor began saluting with cannon and musketry, because it was La Señorita Ysabel's wedding day. And the streets were filled with gorgeously caparisoned horses, their riders attired in satins and laces and jingling with gold and silver. Then the overlords of all the ranchos, with their sons and daughters and brightly decked Indians, started a great procession from the town over the pine-grown hills to the Mission of San Carlos, where the bells were ringing. The Mission of San Carlos was white with candles, two thousand of them burning on the high altar for the wedding of the Señorita Ysabel and Don Julio Romero. The Padre was robed in rare vestments of white and gold brocade, and the fairy boughs completely embowered the Mission. But Don Romero could see nothing, not even Ysabel, when she stood before him in long folds of ivory satin and a starry headdress.



A choir of five hundred young Indians began chanting gently while the good Padre married Ysabel and Don Julio. But just when the music grew louder and the bride and groom turned from the altar, the Green Fairies woke up, took their own shapes, and swirled through the Mission, a shimmering host of green, excited by the bells and cannons and incense. The Green Fairies were everywhere. They covered Ysabel's long train and perched on the cornered hat of the Father President of all the Missions. The Padre, the Dons, the Indians, and all the ladies and acolytes were struck dumb with wonder. The choir stopped chanting. And the Queen of the Fairies, approaching the bride, bowed like a blade of grass and thanked her for inviting the Green Fairies to her wedding.

"And now," said the Queen, graciously, "you may make three wishes on your wedding day."

Though exceedingly surprised, Ysabel leaned over quietly and whispered to the Queen: "I have only one wish, Majesty. It is that the brave Julio may see."

Thereat, the Queen took two magic drops of dew she had gathered the night before from a pecan blossom and put them in the eyes of Don

Julio Romero. And immediately he saw Ysabel in her starry headdress and the Green Fairies perching on the Padre's cornered hat.

The old uncles, Don Antonio, Don Andreas, and Don Romualdo called the fairies "Little Pagan Beggars," but Ysabel invited them to the wedding fiesta, which lasted three days and three nights. And the Green Fairies were never seen or heard of again from that day to this.

But Ysabel and Don Julio Romero lived happily together, and Don Julio could see farther and better than any one else in all the lands belonging to his Spanish Majesty in those splendid old days of the King.



FIVE-MINUTE INTERMISSION

Little folk go up and down this land,
Some of them no bigger than your finger.
Should you spy them hiding in the sand,
Be polite but never, never linger!

If you see one swinging in the mist,
Never rub your eyes or he will vanish.
But where elves go chanting, children whist,
They may greet you in Castilian Spanish.



MISTY-MOISTY MARY

and
the FRECKLED-
FACED GIANT





ninety sacks with
gold nuggets

MISTY-MOISTY MARY

and the FRECKLED-
FACED GIANT



IN THE young days, Gods went up and down Yosemite Valley. They went three thousand feet up the straight-up gray, granite cliffs. And walked down again, just as if the straight-up gray, granite cliffs were stairways instead of walls three thousand feet high.

But only three of these Gods owned the water in the valley. These three were the Roar Water God, the Wind Water God and the Rainbow Water God. And these Water Gods had an only daughter, called Misty-Moisty Mary. She was the child of the Rainbow Water God, grandchild of the Wind Water God and great-grandchild of the Roar Water God.

All the other Gods were called Tribute Gods, each paying a tribute of two mountain lion skins a day to the three Water Gods, who owned the

water in the valley. Now these Tribute Gods were Great Gray Gods, grown tired of paying a tribute of two mountain lion skins a day to the three Water Gods. The Tribute Gods were tired of hunting Mountain Lions, which were getting scarcer and scarcer. And having made themselves canoes of incense cedar, carved all over in arabesque patterns, with sails of tangerine and purple, the Tribute Gods wished to go sailing over Mirror Lake when the Going-Home-Sun looked at himself in the water. But these Gods had to go Lion hunting instead, so that they could each pay the tribute of two Mountain Lion skins a day to the Water Gods.

About this time, a Freckled-faced Giant, who coveted Misty-Moisty Mary, only daughter of the Gods, found a Placer Gold Mine in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, full up to the top with gold nuggets. This Freckled-faced Giant filled ninety sacks with gold nuggets, carrying them easily on his big, flat shoulders. He carried these ninety sacks of nuggets into Yosemite, spreading lumps of gold on the ground in front of the straight-up gray granite cliffs, which the Gods used as a stairway.

Soon the Great Gray Tribute Gods came

walking down, bringing bows and arrows for their daily Lion hunt, while the sails of their incense-cedar canoes blew like trumpets calling them to the lake. Now, the floor of the valley burned with lumps of gold as if it were a grate full of hot coals. So the Tribute Gods shaded their eyes with their hands, astonished to see the nuggets and the Freckled-faced Giant standing with ninety empty sacks in his hands. And the Gods liked his full-moon face, covered with golden freckles.

"If," said the Giant, "you will teach me how to walk up that straight-up gray, granite cliff and walk down again, as if I were a God, I shall stud your incense cedar canoes round with all this gold and deliver you from the three Water Gods."

The Tribute Gods answered by sending their arrows joyously through the air. Then they set about teaching the Giant how to walk up a straight-up cliff, three thousand feet high, as if he were a God, not knowing that the Freckled-faced Giant coveted the only daughter of the Gods, Misty-Moisty Mary, planning to carry her off to his cave in the Hetch-Hetchy country.

But a Harlequin Duck, with white ruffles

round his neck, taking an early bath in Mirror Lake, saw a reflection in the water of the Freckled-faced Giant making his way up a straight-up gray granite cliff as if he were a God. At that the Harlequin Duck with the white ruffles round his neck, flew away to the garden of Misty-Moisty Mary, where rainbows grew in the grass and the outer gates were guarded by two Blinding Storms, while the inner gates were guarded by Wolverines with teeth sharper than sharp-shooters. Sometimes Misty-Moisty Mary rolled rainbows along the grass as if they were hoops. But the Harlequin Duck found her swinging on a grapevine swing in the garden with wild azalea flowers twisted through her hair, so light it looked like silver.

"The Freckled-faced Giant!" quaked the Harlequin Duck, quivering with fear to the tips of his white ruffles. "Coming to carry you off! He is halfway up the straight-up cliffs. The Tribute Gods taught him to walk up as if he were a God."

Whereupon Misty-Moisty Mary ran through the rainbows calling her father the Rainbow Water God, her grandfather the Wind Water God, and her great-grandfather the Roar Water

God. And the old Roar Water God rushed to avenge the wrong done by the Tribute Gods, who retreated as he came on, scattering over the mountains, hurrying faster and faster when they heard his thundering voice, while the Rainbow God threw a high hedge of sneezewood around the Rainbow Garden, and the Wind God went to blow away the gold, burning like embers on the floor of the valley.

But the Roar Water God could not destroy the Tribute Gods, because they were Great Gray Gods; so he changed them wherever they stood into god-like trees, called in this day and time, redwoods. But they are in truth, the Tribute Gods, living through the ages unsought by time or death, because they are Gods enchanted.

And Misty-Moisty Mary, watching from her Rainbow Garden, saw the Freckled-faced Giant



walk slowly up the granite wall, three thousand feet high, just as if it were a stairway. Then the Giant began fighting his way through the two Blinding Storms, guarding the gates. For a week and a day, he fought his way through the storms, beaten down by the wind, blinded by the spray, but getting up and fighting on inch by inch. Then Misty-Moisty Mary watched the Giant battle his way through the inner gates guarded by Wolverines with teeth sharper than sharpshooters, knowing he would sneeze himself to death when he came to the hedge of sneezewood her father had thrown about the Rainbow Garden.

Thereat, Misty-Moisty Mary ran to the Council Chamber of the Three Water Gods, hung with Mountain Lion skins, begging for the life of the Freckled-faced Giant.

"He gave up all his gold," she pleaded, "and he fought his way through the outer gates guarded by the Two Blinding Storms and the inner gates guarded by Wolverines. Now, if you do not spare him, he will sneeze himself to death for ninety days and ninety nights by the high hedge of sneezewood. And I think," said Misty-Moisty Mary, "it seems a pity, because

this Freckled-faced Giant would make a wonderful Handy Man."

The three Water Gods shook their long heads. "No," they told her sternly, "he has stolen the secret of the Gods, walking up and down a straight-up granite wall as if it were a stairway. Besides, he plotted to carry off our only daughter, corrupting the Tribute Gods, who will bring us no more lion skins. "No!" said the three Water Gods. And Misty-Moisty Mary went away to weep in her Rainbow Garden, where the Harlequin Duck was pulling out his ruffles.

But when the Freckled-faced Giant came to the high hedge of sneezewood, he sneezed twice in succession, shaking the waters in the valley. Then he said to himself, "Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger." So, grasping a wild grapevine hanging from a tree, he intended swinging himself over the high hedge of sneezewood into the Rainbow Garden. But he swung so far and so high, swinging for three days and three nights, that he swung straight over the Rainbow Garden, straight out of Yosemite, into the San Joaquin Valley, where he settled down. And here the Freckled-faced Giant became a famous

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rancher, raising giant melons on a large scale. Misty-Moisty Mary still rolls rainbows as if they were hoops in her Rainbow Garden, but the Tribute Gods will always be towering red-wood trees, living through the ages unsought by Time or Death, because they are Gods enchanted.



THE ROSE-COLORED SPECTACLES



THE ROSE-COLORED SPECTACLES



IN THE deep forests of the high Sierras dwelt a wise but ragged Dwarf. He built himself a house of pine cones near a mountain lake, blue as an Irish eye, which flashed under the brow of a mighty peak.

During the hard, cold, winters, the Dwarf made himself small fires of pine needles, and lived on dried berries and the few nuts his squirrel friends left on the doorstep every midwinter eve.

This wise but ragged Dwarf thought of many things during the long winter nights when he sat over his fine-smelling fire of pine needles. And one terrible night, when a Blizzard came over the mountain peak and the squirrels ran about the rafters of the pine-cone house to keep warm, the Dwarf sat long by the fire, ruminating on the folly of men.

"Making telescopes," he said to himself, "to see the stars, when they can't look across their own earth, or see what is happening on it only a few leagues away."

At that, the Dwarf got up, chewing a pine needle. His forehead became lined like a leaf with thought. And all the time the Blizzard went like a crazy man about the mountains, breaking bag after bag of snow over the sharp peaks, the Dwarf worked steadily, singing this song to keep himself from shivering to death:

"I stamp my feet
So high and neat;
Then give a shout
And turn about."

The Dwarf stamped each time he sang, shouted louder than the Blizzard, and turned about, all the time going on with his work, for he was busy inventing a small telescope to see whatever might be happening on the earth a few leagues away.

The next morning, when the Blizzard started for home with his sacks empty and his feet soak-

ing wet, the Dwarf examined his own work of the night before.

"But this is really good," he chuckled, looking at the telescope made from bits of rubbish the winds, birds, and animals had brought to his doorstep, put together with pieces from an old bear trap he had found in the forest.

"Now, if it works," and the wise Dwarf dragged the telescope to the mighty peak above the mountain lake. He quivered from head to foot with excitement, just as if it were his birthday or Christmas Eve. And looking through the telescope, the inventor saw wonderful pictures. Suddenly, a thrill ran through him like a nail of fire, for there, leagues below and beyond, in the middle of a happy sea, he caught sight of a magnificent castle rising. It had curving gray outlines and a multitude of towers hung with clouds blowing like colored flags.

The wise Dwarf strapped the telescope to his back with a strip of lining from an old eagle's nest and started for the beach of this happy sea, walking down and down until his shoes were worn out and his stomach empty. Coming at last to the beach, he made himself a raft from the driftwood he found there and set sail for

the magnificent castle. He hoped to arrive in time for dinner, as he was really beginning to starve.

The Dwarf told himself, "The King of such a solitary seabound castle will be only too glad of a strange visitor. And after a good hot dish of red beans and cheese, when we are pulling on our pipes before His Majesty's fire, I shall show him my remarkable telescope, and he will undoubtedly offer me the hand of his beautiful daughter as a fair exchange."

Fortunately, the sea was quiet, so the little raft made quick headway. And about eight o'clock that evening, paddling into a harbor lit by fishing boats, the Dwarf discovered that, instead of a magnificent castle, he had found a mountainous island with a narrow beach.

"But it looked like a castle," said the Wise Dwarf to himself, and his heart went down into his worn-out shoes as he tied the raft to a rock.

"Never mind," he declared stoutly, "my invention is not perfected yet. Morning is wiser than evening, so I shall tinker at it to-morrow." Unstrapping the telescope, the Dwarf lay down on the hard sand, thinking that sleep might make him forget how hungry he really was.

Early next morning he was awakened by the music of shells. And there, on the sand, the Dwarf saw a hundred or more elves, scampering about a noisy fire. These elves were dark and slim, and wore wreaths of tiny shells, which made music as they moved about. The Wise Dwarf ventured to approach them, saying weakly, "*Buenos Dias, Buenos Dias.*" But he fell down in the sand because he was too hungry to stand up any more. Whereupon, two elves picked the inventor up and bore him on their shoulders to the palace of their Queen which was under the sea, and surrounded by famous gardens guarded by five and thirty swordfish monsters.

The Dwarf found himself in a room made entirely of shells, each murmuring a different song, but all blending together like an orchestra. An Old Elf wearing a sash of many strips, came in, bringing a coral cup of seaweed broth.

"Whose guest am I?" asked the inventor, gulping the hot soup.

"You are the honored guest of the Spanish Elves, who came over with Cabrillo, and their Queen, Conchita Maria Delphina Dolores."

When the Elf spoke the Queen's name, he ended with a terrible wail, beating his breast.

"What is this?" asked the Wise Dwarf. "Is your Queen so cruel that you cannot speak her name without wailing in front of a stranger?"

"Excuse me, Señor," said the Old Elf, "I grieve because a Queen so young and good and beautiful should die."

"Die!" exclaimed the Dwarf. "And of what is this young and good and beautiful Queen dying?"

"She has lost her rose-colored spectacles." The Old Elf began wailing again. "And her gracious Majesty, Conchita Maria Delphina Dolores, cannot live without them. We who love her have looked everywhere, behind each sea anemone and jelly fish in the gardens and in every room of the palace, dumping out the drawers.

The Wise Dwarf began to look concerned.

"And I presume," he said, "these are the only rose-colored spectacles in the whole wide world of sea and land?"

The Old Elf nodded. "And when our young and good and beautiful Queen looks through them, everything and everybody is as perfect as she would have them."

"Yes, it is a terrible loss, I can see," said the



Guarded by five and thirty
swordfish monsters

Dwarf. "Being used to them, of course she could not endure life without her rose-colored spectacles. What is to be done?"

"Señor," replied the Elf gravely, "nothing. We, who love our Queen, have looked." The Old Elf folded his arms.

"But, they have to be somewhere, you know!" exclaimed the Dwarf impatiently.

The Elf shook his head.

"Take me," the Dwarf commanded, "to this unfortunate young Queen."

"I am sorry, she is dying and can see no one," At that the Old Elf picked up the empty cup.

"Before you go, good Elf, tell me, is there any room in this palace where an inventor may labor in peace?"

"Yes, just outside your door, a narrow stairs leads to a small room at the top, which has been made ready for an inventor. The tool box is under the east window and there are warm slippers in the closet."

The Dwarf did not wait to hear more. Muttering, "*Gracias, gracias,*" he hurried up the narrow stairway, finding the Old Elf a speaker of truth, for the room at the top had been made ready for an inventor and there were warm slip-

pers in the closet. He worked all night in the tower room, tinkering at his telescope, whistling the calls of mountain birds to keep his heart high up under his ragged jacket. The Old Elf pushed open the door next morning, bringing him an omelet of fish eggs.

"Still no news of the rose-colored spectacles?" the Dwarf asked him.

"None. And our gracious Queen cannot live through the day." The Elf rocked with grief.

Whereupon the Wise Dwarf said to him, "Morning is wiser than evening, so come with me, my friend," and taking him to the roof of the palace, the Dwarf unstrapped his telescope, looking carefully about him for many leagues. Suddenly he asked, "Has your Queen ever gone to the beach of this Mountainous Island?"

"Never," said the Old Elf. "She walks only in her famous sea gardens."

"And yet my telescope is perfected," mused the Dwarf, "there can be no mistake. It is a fine morning, Good Elf, could you not take me up to the Island for a brief sun bath?"

The Elf bowed gracefully from the hips. "Your wish is my very great pleasure, Señor."

Thereupon, the Old Elf took the Dwarf on

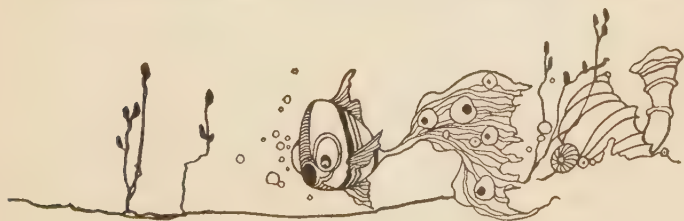
ROSE-COLORED SPECTACLES 173

his shoulders and bore him up to the Mountainous Island. The Wise Dwarf walked about the sunny beach until he came to a part of the shore where there were shallow pools lustrous with fish, and putting his hand in the warm water, picked up a tiny pair of rose-colored spectacles.

"There you are," he said to the dumbfounded Old Elf, "the telescope is at last perfected."

The Elf knelt, kissing the feet of the Wise Dwarf, and bore him to the under-sea palace and the apartments of the Queen Conchita Maria Delphina Dolores. And she was young and beautiful as the Old Elf had said. The Queen lay on a couch of rare laces. Her heavy black hair was dressed with a high comb, and she wore a shawl embroidered with all flowers of the sea. The room was thronged with weeping Elves, who had taken off their seashell wreaths.

But the moment the Old Elf placed the rose-



colored spectacles on her nose, the young Queen began to show various signs of life. Soon she sat up, and the throng of Elves put on their sea-shell wreaths, making a lively music.

"And which of you, my dear subjects, found these precious rose-colored spectacles?"

The Old Elf hurried the Wise Dwarf before the Queen. The Dwarf knelt at the young Queen's feet, while the courtiers crowned him with a wreath of black pearls. And her Spanish Majesty allowed the Dwarf to kiss her hand and invited him to be her worthy guest for a year and a day. Whereat, the Dwarf bowed and said he would be happy to do so. Then Queen Conchita Maria Delphina Dolores took the Ragged Dwarf for a long walk through her famous sea gardens, confessing how she had gone in disguise to the island to see with her own eyes the pretty lights of the fishing boats, losing, she supposed, the rose-colored spectacles on her hurried return.

That same night, the Queen gave a sea fiesta in honor of her guest, to which twenty of the most beautiful mermaids were invited, each wearing a crown of small starfish and on her tail sixteen precious abalone shells. The swordfish

gave a mock battle for the Queen's Fiesta. The tunas broke all records for leaping, and the flying fish took home several prizes. And after supper all the Elves were allowed to look through the Dwarf's wonderful telescope.

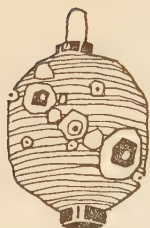
Before the year was over, the Wise Dwarf, brushing aside the twenty most beautiful mermaids, married a plain, rather stout, but exceedingly amiable Elf, because he knew that, unlike the twenty most beautiful mermaids, she would not be bothering him while he was at his inventions by having him tie on her sixteen precious abalone shells.

And the young and good and beautiful Queen Conchita Maria Delphina Dolores gave them for a wedding present that wing of her palace containing the perfect workroom for inventing, where there were always warm slippers in the closet. Once a year, on midwinter eve, the Wise Dwarf returns for a week to his pine-cone cabin in the High Sierras and sits over his fine-smelling fire, ruminating on the folly of men.



The FIRST HAT





The FIRST HAT



A RED-HEADED boy, O'Hara Malone, lived in a garret near San Francisco's Chinatown. He was a ragged little boy with no friends on either side of the water. But O'Hara Malone possessed, besides a box of pencils, a gift for drawing pictures. And what is more, he had several fairy stories tucked up the bright sleeve of his mind. It was to hear these stories that the slant-eyed children of Chinatown came to the red-headed boy's garret, where on foggy days he told the tale of the King-with-a-Hole-in-His-Pocket. And the faces of the Slant-eyed children of Chinatown shone like smooth yellow buttons as they sat in rows on the garret floor.

Then, one day when the sun moved like a golden dragon through the narrow streets of

Chinatown, and embroideries in shop windows glittered, and Li Wong polished underripe persimmons, setting them up in pyramids on his fruit stall, the great magician, Chang, sent for O'Hara Malone to draw his picture. Now, O'Hara Malone washed back of his ears, brushed his patched coat, and, sharpening his pencils, set out for the home of the great magician, back of a shop filled with ivory and satins and teakwood and jade. And because the shop was empty of buyers, oriental clerks were burning many kinds of incense to amuse themselves. And, it being shortly after their New Years', bowls of lilies thickened the air with perfume.

O'Hara Malone, excited and sniffing, hurried through the shop to a red lacquer door at the back which swung open under pressure from his thumb. And there sat the great magician, Chang, drinking tea. He was dressed in brocaded black damask and wore a queer smile. O'Hara Malone, never wearing a hat, didn't need to take one off. So he ran his hands anxiously through his red hair and bowed, and the great Chang sat back and posed for his picture.

That night, the red-headed boy worked late in his garret, finishing the sketch of the magician. And next morning, when the lacquer door swung back under his thumb, who should fill the opening but the great Chinaman himself. Chang took the picture from O'Hara Malone and, without looking at it, handed him a green paper box covered with bits of gilt, and still smiling his queer smile, shut again the lacquer door.

Now, O'Hara Malone was no sooner out on the sidewalk than he opened the paper box. In it was an old hat, unlike anything he had seen before on either this or the other side of the water.

And putting the old hat on his head the red-headed boy started up like a balloon. For three days and three nights he traveled upward until he found himself before half-opened gates, behind which a Genie was winding up ten thousand alarm clocks.

"Thief," the Genie shouted, grasping the old hat and falling upon O'Hara Malone. At that he began dragging the little boy down streets of such strange glamour, flashing with amethyst and green and yellow, that O'Hara Malone shut

his eyes tight and prayed. Soon they came to a forest, dim and cool with leaves, and O'Hara Malone asked, "Where am I?"

The Genie answered, "You have come, Thief, to the Kingdom-of-the-Top-of-the-Morning."

"But I am no thief," said O'Hara Malone.

"Thief you are, or how else did you come by the First Hat ever made in Fairyland?" the Genie asked him, blinking wisely.

At that, they came to a clearing with a great bonfire blazing in the middle of it, from which sparks went up like leaves in the wind. Around the fire sat a number of young Goblins in plain yellow suits, eating hot porridge out of pots. O'Hara Malone noticed how fresh and clean their faces looked.

"That's the King, poking the fire with a stick," and the Genie nudged O'Hara Malone.

Thereat, the King turned around, still holding the stick in his hand. He was young and fine to look upon in his green leaf suit with a silken cloak over his shoulders. He seemed bored, but his eyes widened at the sight of O'Hara Malone anxiously running his hands through his red hair.

"The thief, Sire, who stole the First Hat,"

said the Genie, hurrying back to his alarm clocks.

"What?" cried the King, "not this red-headed boy! But how," he inquired politely, "did you steal the First Hat from my Museum, guarded by five and twenty thousand alarm clocks?"

Before O'Hara Malone could answer, the Goblins about the fire stopped eating porridge and, staring at him, began singing:

"He stole the hat,
No doubt about that.
Hee Hi, Hee Lo.
To the dungeon, he'll go,
He stole the hat,
He'll suffer for that."

The King waved his stick impatiently, and the Goblins stopped singing, returning to their hot porridge.

"Thief," asked the King again, "how did you steal the First Hat?"

The red-headed boy shook his head from side to side, saying, "I did not steal the First Hat; Chang, the magician, gave it to me."

The King started, dropping the stick in the

fire. "Chang, you have seen Chang?" he whispered.

"He has seen Chang," shouted the Goblins to each other, spilling porridge in their excitement, while O'Hara Malone told the King where and how he had seen Chang.

"If only I could consult Chang," exclaimed the King-of-the-Top-of-the-Morning, "but no one else has found the way down, and a great white staircase they say it is."

"First you go by the Museum, that's certain," chanted the Goblins. "Then around the Temple of the Morning Star and, turning to the right, pass the bowl where the Dawn Child blows bubbles into the sky, but after that no one but Chang knows the way down."

The King sat down wearily on a stump. "I neither sleep nor eat," he complained. "When it is time to go to bed, I am not sleepy, and when it is time to eat, I am not hungry. Chang alone would know the remedy."

"Majesty," said O'Hara Malone, impulsively, "let me go and look for this white staircase."

Whereupon the King answered wearily, "Boy, the bones of those who try and fail are brought back by three condors and laid by our fire."

"But I am going, Majesty," said O'Hara Malone.

"Very well, Boy, I shall send you," and the King blackened a stick in the fire, and tearing a piece from his silken cloak, wrote upon it with the stick, handing this letter for Chang to O'Hara Malone.

"And the First Hat?" asked the red-headed boy. "I shall need it for my return journey."

The young King laughed. "You have confidence," he said, putting the hat on the boy's head.

O'Hara Malone ate a pot of porridge, bade the King good-bye, and started on his bewildering search for the white staircase. Remembering what the Goblins had said, he went by the Museum guarded by five and twenty thousand alarm clocks, and around the corner he saw the slim Temple of the Morning Star, with its five-pointed tower turning constantly about. Mists whirled around it, but the red-headed boy



caught sight of the Morning Star leaning on a balcony.

O'Hara Malone waved the First Hat impulsively and whistled through his teeth, but she was looking far beyond and above him. So he hastened on and turning to the right saw the Dawn Child sitting on the edge of a huge opal bowl blowing bubbles. Her cheeks were pink and round and she laughed at O'Hara Malone going by in the First Hat. Whereat, forgetting his manners, he impulsively threw her a kiss, and the Dawn Child threw a big white bubble back at him. At that, away went O'Hara Malone floating down and down in the bubble until it broke in San Francisco's Chinatown. Damp and out of breath as he was, the red-headed boy hurried at once to the room at the back of the shop filled with ivory and satin and teakwood and jade, and there he found Chang drinking tea and eating rice cakes.

"Tea?" asked Chang, smiling his queer smile.

"No, thank you," said O'Hara Malone, "I'll just have a bit of ginger," and he helped himself from the table.

"He wants to know," the red-headed boy whispered, as he took the silken letter from his

pocket, "what will make him sleepy when it's time to go to bed and hungry when it's time to eat?"

Chang read the letter and gazed out into the shop where a lady was buying a purple kimono. "Tell him," the great Chang said musingly, "that to be sleepy when it's time to go to bed and hungry when it's time to eat, these are the fruits of toil." And getting up, the magician handed O'Hara Malone a basket of Chinese lily bulbs. "Take him these. Tell him to divide them, plant them in the forests of the Top-of-the-Morning, tend them with his own hands, watering and weeding them, and the King will be sleepy when it's time to go to bed and hungry when it's time to eat. And don't forget," said Chang, pointing his long yellow fingers, "to return that hat I borrowed from the Museum."

O'Hara Malone put on the First Hat and started up like a balloon, carrying the basket of lily bulbs. And many of the slant-eyed children of Chinatown watched him go.

Soon he found himself again in the forest cool and dim with leaves, where the King was poking the fire with a stick and the Goblins were eating hot porridge. And the King dropped the stick

in the fire, embracing O'Hara Malone, who had brought him a basket of lily bulbs and a message from Chang, the great magician.

"Now," exclaimed the happy King, "I shall be sleepy when it's time to go to bed and hungry when it's time to eat. Tell me, red-headed boy, what is your wish? Shall I make you a Prince and allow you to marry the Morning Star?"

Whereat, O'Hara Malone said hurriedly, turning redder than his own hair:

"If you don't mind, Majesty, I would rather remain O'Hara Malone and blow bubbles with the Dawn Child."

And the young Goblins about the fire put down their porridge spoons and stared and stared at the red-headed boy, singing:

"Hee Hi and Hee Lo,
To the Dawn Child he'll go,
And blow bubbles red,
Far over his head;
But, what's better yet,
He'll get himself wet."

And the young Goblins in the plain yellow suits laughed over the porridge pots!

The KING~WITH~A~HOLE
IN~HIS~POCKET



THE KING~WITH~A~HOLE IN~HIS~POCKET



*The Story O'Hara Malone Told the Slant-eyed
Children of Chinatown*

IN THE old days there ruled in the west of Ireland a gay and careless stripling King with a gift for song. His name was Coirnin, but he was called Teig.

Teig, like the boy he was, hated war and considered boar hunting more cruel than bullfighting. No one knew where or how he had heard of bullfighting. But there were those who whispered of queer doings up at the castle, where Spanish pirates, whose ship had broken over the Irish rocks, were fêted by Teig with hearty dinners of roast pig and dishes of tea.

The world is full of lies, but the truth is that Teig put on his old clothes and set out one windy

evening to become a wandering bard. And a wandering bard he became, passing through many towns and strange cities. He avoided fairs where men were buying and selling and hurried on to the fields, singing his songs to farm hands.

One night, the King camped with a band of ragged gypsies, wearing belts of hammered gold. The gypsies danced to his wild songs. Teig admired their belts, which burned in the light of the camp fire, and made bold to ask where they got them. The gypsies winked to a man and stuck their tongues in their cheeks. So, knowing they were robbers, Teig up and wandered on until he came to a castle with a grand wall around it. And the castle, even in those old days, had moss on its towers. As it was a prosperous morning, Teig rested against the wall of the castle to get the shade of a tree, reaching over. He began making a ballad about Romance with a rigmarole to it, ending over and over:

“Youth goes part way, and Beauty says ‘good-day,’

But Love is the Heart of a Tree.”



found him a likely lad

Now there was an old garden on the other side of the wall where flowers grew higgledy-piggledy. A wee bit of an orphan Princess was working on a tapestry in the garden, it being before the days of patchwork quilts. Her name was Finnuala, and she was called that. After Teig had repeated his rigmarole for the fourth time, Finnuala climbed a trellis, holding a rusty vine against the wall, and looking down on Teig, found him a likely lad. And Teig, looking up, wished to heaven he had kissed the Blarney Stone when passing it the night before, for the loveliness of Lady Finnuala made words stick in his throat like burrs. She had the beauty of wild berries, small and glowing. Her eyes were brown and her hair red, and not having any brothers of her own to play with, the Princess took a great fancy to the wandering bard.

Teig, being a brave boy, put by his harp and vaulted the castle wall. Before long, as time was counted in the old days, the careless King told Finnuala that he must go to his own country and come back for her again with white horses and banners, and bishops in purple befitting the wedding of his Queen. Finnuala jumped up and down and clapped her hands,

thinking of the prancing white horses and panting banners. Then, feeling something strange in her heart, she changed her mind and begged Teig to stay. But the King would go. So Finnualla wished him the Celtic wish of the old days:

“May God bless you and good luck attend you,
Happiness be with you,
And a hundred thousand welcomes go before
you.”

“And I’ll give you,” she said, “something to take with you.” So, pulling a bit of a thing from a tree, she kissed it, and, wrapping it up with a blade of grass, put it in Teig’s small pocket, which, unbeknown to any one, had a hole in it.

Teig set out for his castle in the west of Ireland to get the white horses and the banners and the bishops, befitting the wedding of his Queen. But before he had gone a league on his journey, he lost Finnualla’s kiss from his pocket. A spring rain set in and washed it well under ground, and while the ragged King was traveling by day and by night to his own country, without as much

as missing the kiss, a Curious Tree began to grow on the spot where he dropped the gift out of his small pocket.

This Tree had wee pointed leaves with a peculiar sheen on them. Strange birds lived in its branches, flying higher than birds ever had, and their songs were merrier and richer than any heard in the world before or since. But the Princess began to droop and grow ill because Teig had lost the kiss she gave him, not even missing it. The truth is that the careless strippling King, on the way to his own country in the west of Ireland, met up again with the band of ragged gypsies. It had rained all day, and, being a cold night, Teig stopped to dry his clothes at their bonfire. Soon he found himself singing to their music, which warmed his blood like wine. And between this and that, the King stayed, dancing and singing with the gypsies longer than befitted the boy he was.

In the meantime, the Princess Finnuala grew worse and worse. None of the doctors knew what ailed her, and no one thought to consult the Dappled Dwarf, living at the edge of the bog running back of the castle garden.

The Dapple Dwarf danced around the Curi-

ous Tree every night, singing, when the eerie hour came and the bats flew out of the castle turrets:

“Her heart’s in the tree:
She’ll soon cease to be.
Birds sing merrily, merrily!

“The banners will fly;
The horses step high.
Birds sing merrily, merrily!

“But where will she be?
For her heart’s in the tree.
Birds sing merrily, merrily!

“A King lost a kiss
Which he didn’t miss.
Birds sing merrily, merrily!”

For the Dwarf, delighted with the wonderful tree, cared little for the fate of any mortal maiden. “And, after all,” he said to himself, “sure, it’s far better to keep Finnuala here in a beautiful tree than to let her go off to a strange castle, the bride of a ‘King-with-a-Hole-in-His-Pocket.’” But had someone gone to the

Dwarf in the morning, after his nap and warm herb breakfast, while he was resting under the Curious Tree and eager to talk, the Dwarf would have told them that, if Teig missed the kiss Finnuala had given him, the Curious Tree would be dying instead of the Princess. But the Princess was so near dead now that the Dwarf chuckled under his rock, feeling sure he would always be having the Tree to shade and comfort him.

About this time, the gay and careless King returned with five thousand horsemen magnificently mounted on white horses, and there were five and twenty bishops in his train. These bishops were preceded by a choir of three thousand lads, robed in crimson and bearing torches. But no heralds came out from the castle of the Princess to meet them, and no flowers strewed the castle steps, and the waiting-women wept in the garden. The doctors met Teig on the stair-



case, shaking their shaggy heads, and the Dappled Dwarf chuckled under his rock.

"Surely she'll die," said the doctors, and the waiting-women said it to each other in the garden, and the bishops repeated it to the horsemen with the spears and banners. The horsemen told it to the lads with the torches who had come to sing at the wedding of their gay and careless stripling King with the gift of song.

Teig sent them all away and, putting on his old coat, took his harp and went to sing for Finnuala. But never a song of his did she hear. "Surely she'll die," said the doctors. At that, Teig put by his harp and, weeping bitterly, bethought him of the kiss. He began feeling for it in his small pocket, which, unbeknown to any one, had a hole in it.

Then it was that the Dwarf stopped chuckling under his rock, for the careless King had missed the kiss, and the Dwarf knew that now the strange, wonderful tree would die and the Princess live. The tree, with the pointed leaves and the merry far-flying birds, began slowly to fade. Day by day it faded, and day by day Finnuala's eyes grew brighter and the color of berries came back to her cheeks. The sun in the walled gar-

den again knew her hair, and Teig made her many new songs with rigmaroles to them.

One day Finnuala's heralds rode out from the gates and escorted five thousand horsemen with white chargers and banners and spears into the courtyard of the castle. The singing lads went into the great hall with their burning torches, and after a bit the wedding was over. The King and Queen came down the steps, strewn higgledy-piggledy with flowers from the garden. They were followed by the five and twenty bishops in trailing purple and the air was filled with incense. The horses pranced and the banners panted, but Finnuala, being a Queen, could not jump up and down and clap her hands.

The King was dressed sumptuously with a deal of Irish point at his wrists and Finnuala looked at him, surprised, having always seen him before in his terrible old coat. "You are a grand boy, Teig," said she. Whereat the King swept the ground with his hat, after the manner of an Armada Captain who had been washed up on the Coast of Ireland.

"And with a wife," said he, "who could charm the very snakes back to Ireland."

The Dappled Dwarf came to the wedding,

but an absent-minded Bishop sprinkled him with a few drops of Holy Hyssop, and out he went like a fire with a great splutter.

Teig took Finnuala off to the west of Ireland to his castle near the coast where Spanish Pirates broke their boats over the rocks. And from that time on the Queen looked after the careless King's pockets, and the likes of him going about before with holes in them!







he muttered
dry words



(A Story to Be Put Away for a Rainy Day)

UNDER the mountain of His Excellency, the President of Elfland, ran a damp, dark cave, dripping with spring water. In this cave lived two Yellow Elves, waited upon by five thousand frogs in blue and white striped overalls. The frogs brewed hot punch for the Yellow Elves, kept the cave neat as your Sunday shoes, and sang for the Elves every night after dinner. Now, these Elves were twin brothers, yellow as butter. They looked as much alike as two eyes in your head, but in disposition were entirely different. And this was all the stranger because their tastes were identical. Both loved damp, dark places and only left the cave to play in the arroyo after

a good rain had wet it through and through. Then you would see Master Mush and Master Toad, as the Yellow Elves were called, making lemonade from the lemonade-berry bushes or swimming in the muddy pools.

Master Mush would sniff the wet leaves between his fingers as though he were taking snuff, and Master Toad would wriggle his toes gleefully in the mud and sing a song that sounded like this:

“Ooze, ooze, slippery, slimy, thin,
There you go between my toes,
Slipping out and in!

“Ooze, ooze, spongy, squashy, wet,
Mildew all the thin white things,
Rust the fisher’s net!

“Ooze, ooze, slippery, slimy, thin,
There you go between my toes,
Slipping out and in!”

Now, Master Toad had an evil heart. He was as full of malice as a map is full of names. And no sooner was he out of the cave than

housewives found mold on their strawberry cactus jelly. Fat Señora Salinas, Goblin wife of His Excellency's chauffeur, could not hang a goat cheese from her porch but Master Toad would write all over it with mildew. At that the Señora would sharpen her stiletto on a grindstone and watch through the key-hole for Master Toad to come by. But he would be out in the fields by this time, busily rusting tractors and mowers and rakes and milk buckets. Then, one afternoon, this bad Elf went so far as to mildew seven fluffy aprons belonging to Escobita, the President's beautiful daughter. He found these seven fluffy aprons blowing on the line.

Whereupon His Excellency got out of bed next morning in a ruffled temper and offered ten sacks of mahogany berries, ground and roasted for winter use, to the Goblin policeman who would seize Master Toad.

"And leave nothing of him," commanded the President of Elfland, "except the hairs of his head and the nails of his shoes."

At that five hundred Goblin policemen went scampering through the arroyo looking for Master Toad. They went scampering through

the arroyo for five days and five nights. Whereupon the five thousand frogs in the cave took off their blue and white striped overalls and, making a pile out of them, hid Master Toad behind it. Then when the Goblin policemen pointed officially at the pile, asking, "And what is this?" the five thousand frogs croaked together. "Our blue and white striped overalls." At that the Goblin policement went scampering back to tell the President that Master Toad was nowhere to be found. And the President said, "Good work! Now I don't have to give one of you my ten sacks of mahogany berries, ground and roasted for winter use. He shook hands with all five hundred of his Goblin policemen recommending them for promotion, without any increase in pay.

Now the other twin Elf, Master Mush, was guileless as a marigold. He planted water cress in streams and weeded it whenever the weather was wet enough for him to go out. He hung Spanish moss from trees and covered cold stones with red lichen. And ever so often he gathered miner's lettuce and took it to Escobita when she was making salad for one of her father's diplo-

matic dinners. Her real name was Mariana, but people called her Escobita because she was always cleaning things up, washing the pitcher-sage or picking up after the Winds, who threw berries and nuts and leaves and seed pods around. And once when Escobita was gathering chili-cojote gourds for darning balls, she called the good twin to her side and gave him a bright blue watering can for a present.

"It will be handy," she said, "for washing your feet off and they look muddy to me."

About this time, a very terrible thing happened. A Desert Dwarf came to live in the arroyo. He was the color of sand and looked as if he had been dried for years, like an old dried bean. No one knew what crime he had committed on the desert to make him hide in this moist place. But there was talk and tattling about him both at the President's diplomatic dinners and under chamisal on the hillsides.

This Desert Dwarf built himself a house with a hump on it. He built it of dry sticks and thatched it with turban cactus, which he had brought with him in a sack. Then he hung holly-leaved cherries and gooseberries and manzanita apples to dry from the creaking rafters.

After that, gathering a dry purplish looking flower, called Turkish rugging, from the open hills, he planted it over his floors and settled down in the arroyo, sneaking in and out of his doors.

One day, while the Dwarf was gathering wild peas, growing on a bush, instead of on a vine, as they have a queer way of doing in the chaparral forest, a storm broke and soaked the earth to the skin. The Yellow Elves rushed out of their cave, skipping with joy. Master Toad's eyes were wet with malice and he sang lustily:

“Rot, rot, old spear and pot,
Crumble, crumble, old trees tumble;
Droop, droop, faëry curls that loop,
Splatter, splatter, raindrops chatter,
No fires yet, the woods, wet, wet!”

Master Toad danced with excitement, tripping up the Desert Dwarf, who was running home with his basket of plump peas.

“Ho, ho,” cried Master Toad, “and why the hurry?”

“Hurry!” answered the Dwarf. “Can’t you see I’m getting wet?”

"You should hurry," jeered Master Toad, "when you're getting dry, but never when you're getting wet." The naughty Elf grinned widely.

The Desert Dwarf began shrieking, "Let me go by, let me go by, I'm getting wet." He turned his collar high, shivering up and down and sideways.

Then Master Toad rubbed his hands together gleefully, and giving Desert Dwarf a push and a spin, landed him in a roaring stream. The poor little fellow clung to an old buckthorn, kicking his legs and crying, "Help, help!"

His basket of peas ran down stream, bobbing like an apple on Hallowe'en. The water was cold and Desert Dwarf shrank to about half his size and might have shrunk to nothing at all had not Master Mush happened along. The good Elf swam out and rescued Desert Dwarf, round his basket and filled it with dry sticks, carrying the half-drowned Dwarf home in the



bright blue watering can the beautiful Escobita had given him.

The next evening Master Mush called at the house with the hump which Desert Dwarf had built in the forest. He went to inquire for the Dwarf's health, taking him a basket of water cress and one small trout. The good Elf was surprised to find Desert Dwarf stirring something in a big kettle. As the Dwarf stirred he muttered dry words and a great dust rose in clouds from the kettle, making a mirage showing hills covered with toadstools and mushrooms. The Dwarf's eyes looked quick and bright in spite of the dust, and he whispered to the Yellow Elf, "From now on and forever, because of your kindness to me, wherever you step, Master Mush, delicious juicy mushrooms will grow." The Dwarf licked his lips.

"And from now on and forever, wherever your evil brother, Master Toad, walks, poisonous toadstools will lift their heads." The Dwarf stirred the pot savagely, and the dust was evil smelling.

It happened just as the Desert Dwarf said: Wherever good Master Mush stepped when he went out after the rains, juicy mushrooms grew,

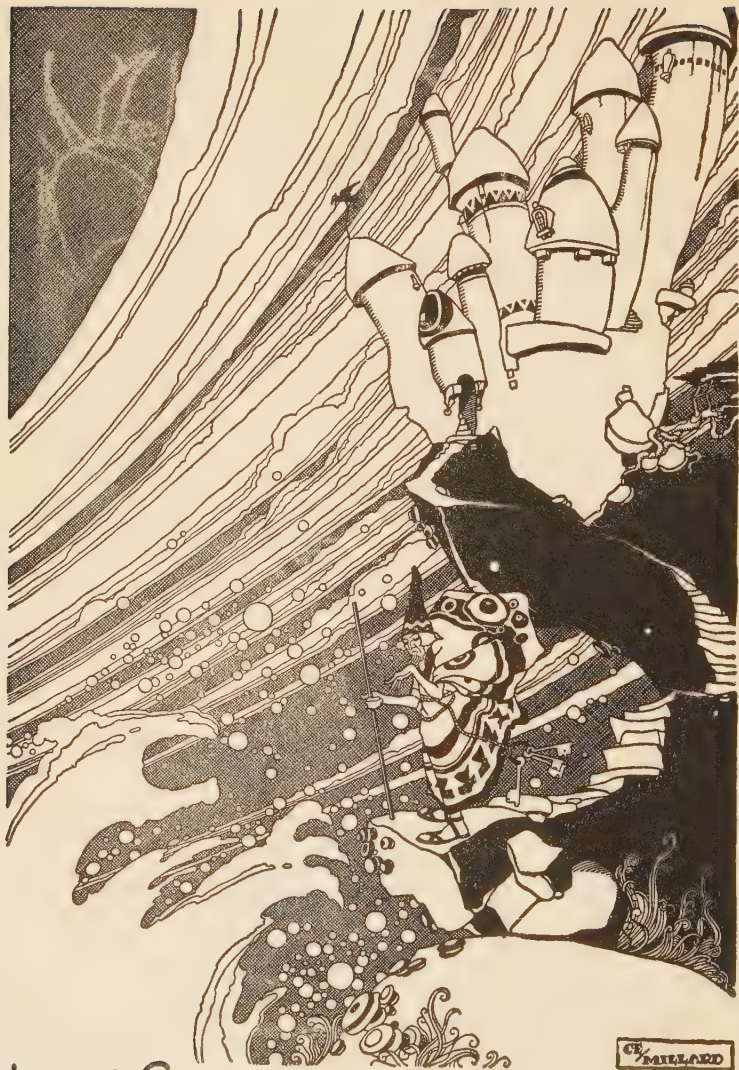
and Escobita had them with wild peas for her wedding feast, when she married an untidy Goblin who wrote rhymes.

In this way it came about that, in one wet night when the Yellow Elves leave their cave, mushrooms and toadstools spring up wherever they step. And you can see them for yourself on the damp hillsides and pastures even to this day.



AN ENCHANTED
GYDSY

An illustration of a vintage camera and a small bag. The camera is dark and rectangular, positioned on the right. A small, round, textured bag with a handle is attached to the camera by a strap. The entire illustration is rendered in a simple, hand-drawn style with black outlines and some cross-hatching for texture.



the years before
this and that

C. E. MILLARD

AN ENCHANTED GYOSY



IN THE years before this and that, the Magician who makes Dry Spells lived in a damp castle built on a rock down by the sea. The castle had nine rusty turrets. The rock it was built on was black with barnacles and sea moss, tangled up like hair. And whenever the Magician put a foot outside the castle door, the Sea leaped and snarled about him, just as dogs leap and snarl about a stranger.

Now this Magician brewed Dry Spells because fogs choked him and dampness rusted his old joints until they were creaking like crickets. Every year, he brewed a Dry Spell in a copper kettle, so that not a drop of rain fell in the country about for six months at a time. And the birds stopped singing in the stubby chaparral woods, because their throats got dry as dry bread. But, try as he might, this Magician could never

make a Dry Spell last as long as he wished it to. In spite of his muttering anger, the bright rain would rush down, making the foothills in a single night greener than grasshoppers.

One muggy day, the Magician sat rubbing his creaking joints with one hand and stirring a Dry Spell in his copper kettle with the other, when, looking out the window, he saw a caravan of Fairy Gypsies making their camp on one of the foothills which come down to the sea. He noticed these little people wore furry hats of sage leaves, and as they roamed the stubby chaparral forest looking for firewood, chewed the juicy leaves of the Yerba-Santa to keep their throats moist. Then they made bustling fires, which shot up higher than the trees, and gathering manzanita-tree apples, began roasting them. Whereupon the Magician leaned far out of the window to smell the magnificent smell of roasting manzanita-tree apples, while the Fairy Gypsies turned them over and over with long sticks.

Then, suddenly, up jumped the Gypsies who were turning the roasting apples calling lustily:

"Ho, Mothwings, dance! Dance for us until the apples are done."

At that a Gypsy Child came running, her apron full up to the top with firewood. Dropping the sticks on the flame, she shook her apron and began dancing about the bustling fire, while seven Fairy Gypsies played on tiny flutes fashioned from mountain mahogany. And the Gypsy Child whirled about the fire like a moth, her light hair lifting and falling and her wee white apron fluttering first at one side of her and then the other.

"That's why they call her Mothwings," chuckled the Magician, letting the Dry Spell boil away in the pot, while he leaned far out of the window. Then he said to himself, "I need a Handmaiden who knows how to roast apples so they have a sniffy-sniff to them; I need a Handmaiden to wash my pots and pans and put away my big black magic books." So, dumping out the bit of Dry Spell that hadn't boiled entirely away, he made a Handmaiden Enchantment, casting it over the Gypsy Child. She appeared instantly in the damp castle, the smell of sage leaves fresh in her hair.

"Scrub up those kettles!" commanded the Magician. And the Gypsy Child scrubbed up the kettles, believing herself the Handmaiden of

the Magician, because of the spell he had thrown over her.

For weeks and months she scrubbed up the kettles and the damp floors and the windows where Fogs put their dirty fingers. Then, at night, when her back was stiff as a scrubbing brush from scrubbing and her fingers were bluer than blue mold from cold, she put away the Magician's big black books and kept the fire poked up.

One moldy evening, the Magician's joints were creaking so loud you could have heard them a block away, creaking like crickets. He sat shivering and grumbling, because saucy Fogs kept coming down the chimney to put the fire out. Every few minutes, poor Mothwings had to poke it up again.

"Och," cried the Magician, rubbing his creaking joints, "if I could only make an unbreakable Dry Spell! What are six dry months, if my



joints have to creak like crickets the other six? Och!" cried the Magician. "Ho, ho!" he said, so loud that Mothwings could hear him above the creaking of his joints, "Old Smite can make unbreakable spells. Good gracious! why can't I make just one unbreakable spell, a dry spell? Och!" exclaimed the Magician.

"And who is this Old Smite, brewing unbreakable spells?" Little Mothwings asked timidly.

"What!" screamed the irritable Magician, "you never heard of Smite? Old Smite is a wizard, older than the eldest fairy in the wide world of sea and land. And Smite is the only one who knows how to make unbreakable spells."

At that Mothwings began whimpering:

"My fingers are bluer than blue mold with cold and my back is stiff as a scrubbing brush from scrubbing!"

"Grumble, grumble!" screamed the Magician "that's right, grumble. You should have joints to be heard a block away, creaking like crickets six months every year! Get me my pipe." And while Mothwings filled his long pipe, her fingers bluer than blue mold with cold, the Magician had an evil thought. "Mothwings," he

said excitedly, "I shall make you marry my old rival, Smite, and you will ferret out the secret of his unbreakable spells. But," said the Magician, rubbing his creaking joints, "if you don't tell it to me, I shall change you into a gopher snake crawling through the greasewood."

Then he yawned and went to bed muttering. "What are six dry months if your joints creak like crickets the other six?"

Up at dawn next morning, the Magician roared irritably. "Make me crab sandwiches and a bottle of hot mussel soup. I am going for Old Smite, and it is seven leagues to his palace."

Poor Mothwings, quivering and shivering with cold and fear, packed the Magician's lunch. Putting on a heavy sweater, he wrapped himself in a rubber cape, loosened an ancient raft kept for fishing, and started up the quiet inlet of the ocean to the palace of Smite, seven leagues to the north. "Good-bye," he chuckled. "I shall bring you a husband for a present."

Now, no sooner had the Magician rounded the hill in his clumsy raft than Mothwings took her sage-leaf cap from a peg behind the castle door and ran out to the warm foothills, where

she sat crying under an Incense Bush, in full bloom.

Here a ragged young boy of the woods found her, sitting in her gypsy dress and furry cap of sage leaves. This lad was named Gobeen. And he was a simple boy, with a tranquil face, who spent his time in the hills learning to know the curious things which grew there.

"Hello, Gypsy," he said gently, "what makes you cry?"

"I am no Gypsy, I am Mothwings, Hand-maiden of the Magician, who makes Dry Spells," and the child cried more bitterly.

"Silly!" exclaimed the ragged boy, "you are a Gypsy, and I have never seen a Gypsy cry before. Tell me why you cry."

"Because I must marry Old Smite, a wizard older than the eldest fairy in the whole world of sea and land. And then my master will change me into a gopher snake crawling through the greasewood, unless I learn from Smite the secret of making unbreakable spells."

At that, the boy took a flute out of his pocket and began playing. Mothwings put her head to one side, listening. Then she began to dance a

gypsy dance, whirling about the brilliant Incense Bush.

"You see," cried Gobeen, laughing and putting the flute in his pocket, "you are a Gypsy. And I am going to take you to your own people camping leagues on at the back of the highest hill."

"Of course I am a Gypsy. I remember now," Mothwings spoke slowly, opening her dark eyes wide with pleasure, for the spell of the Magician who never knew how to make unbreakable spells was broken by the music of the flute.

So the ragged boy and Mothwings set out for the Gypsy Camp, climbing up through the hot chaparral country. And feeling safe as two safety pins, they kept stopping to play. The wild lilacs were in bloom, so Gobeen showed the Gypsy Child that the flowers were really soap; wetting a bunch in a stream, he made fine lather in his thin brown hands.

"You are sure, Gobeen, that you are not a magician, making flowers into soap?" she asked timidly.

"Me!" laughed the boy, "If I were a magician, Mothwings, I would get you a dress of spun copper and bands of jade for your light

hair. But, instead, you are going to have a mantilla of tree poppies." And gathering the supple flowers, he wove them together, making a veil that almost covered Mothwings, trailing behind her.

"Now," said Goben, "you are Queen of all the lands that ever belonged to Spain. And it is time your Spanish Majesty and Her Knight of the Bayonets had their supper." So he reached in his left-hand pocket. Out came a lizard, blinking at the sun.

"No," said Goben, "that isn't the pocket."

Then he felt in his right-hand pocket. Out came a gopher snake, scuttling down the trail.

"No," said the Goben, "that isn't the pocket."

Then he felt in an upper pocket, and out came nuts and some nice ripe, juicy loquats, which tasted good to the children after their long climb in the hot sun.

"Now we must hurry, Goben, or we will be late for the camp fire, the apple roast, and the revels to-night," Mothwings said eagerly.

At that, they began running, and soon found themselves standing, out of breath, on a high peak, which peered over the sea. The Sun was going down behind a white mist.

"Look," cried Gobeen, "a funny old raft!"

"Not my master!" screamed the child, hiding her eyes while the raft, cunningly managed by the Magician, swung into the cove far below them. And on it also sat old wicked Smite, his white beard lying across his knees.

Looking up, the Magician caught sight of the children standing in terror on the high cliff, whereupon he began shouting furiously, while the raft rolled madly in the high tide.

Then Smite lifted his ugly head and, raising his bony arm toward Mothwings and Gobeen, uttered under his breath an unbreakable spell.

Whereupon Gobeen immediately became a slim, young yucca, bristling with bayonets, while the Gypsy Child was changed into a white moth. And wherever you find one, you find the other, even to this day. The white moth cares for the yucca, carefully burying its seeds in the ground, wrapped in a warm cocoon. And the yucca protects the frail moth, giving it delicious nectar for food. And because this enchantment happened in the years before this and that, Gypsy Fairy Folk, roaming the stubby forests of scrub oak, sage, and manzanitas, have made a song about it, singing around bustling camp fires:

"Old Crony Winds tell how a flute broke a spell
Spun over a Gypsy Child.

Dance high, dance high, the moon's in the sky,
And the chaparral wood is wild.

"Old Crony Winds say, we heard them to-day,
How Smite made a binding spell.

Dance high, dance high, the moon's in the sky—
This story we know very well ;

"For the child is a moth as white as the froth
That foams on the bubbling sea.

Dance high, dance high, the moon's in the sky
And the boy is a Bayonet tree."



DON CALIO CORN





How was that for a
startling entrance?



DON CALICO CORN



FOR a flash of bravery, a merry Spanish soldier was given stretches of land in Alta California by the Crown of Leon and Castile in the fine old days of the King.

Instead of raising cattle, as everyone else did, this laughing Caballero planted his rancho with Calico Corn. Whereupon all the Cattle Barons and Indians in the country called him Don Calico Corn.

Now, Calico Corn has one kernel black and one kernel white, looking like checked calico. And because of its sweetness the Indians, the Cattle Barons, their wives and children relished tortillas, tamales, and tamalitos made from Calico Corn. So it happened that, in no time at all, Don Calico Corn had made an ample fortune. Then he said to himself, "I must now

build a house fit for the only grower of Calico 'Corn in this New World."

Thereupon he put two hundred young Indians to work on a summer morning, and, before the cornstalks were yellow, they built him a spreading adobe house, its big patio planted with Pitcher-Sage, Woolly Blue Curls, Golden-Cup Oaks and every kind of fern the Indians found growing in damp Sierra Cañons. Wild vines crawled up the adobe walls, making the patio seem a mountain cañon.

Then, one warm autumn evening, the Don was walking between his tall rows of Calico Corn, smelling ripeness, when a big tumbleweed rolled rapidly up to him and out tumbled an Oaf about as tall as a tomato ladder. This Oaf was pale, thin, and his forehead was high. He wore a tangled-up suit of wild grass, and seven quill pens were sticking out of the tops of his high boots.

Without smiling, he pulled himself up. "How was that for a startling entrance?" he asked.

Don Calico Corn, being a soldier of Spain, did not look surprised.

"Excellent," he answered bowing like the

gentleman he was, hiding his humor under a big sombrero, jingling with silver.

"I am going to use this entrance in my next play, that's why I wondered what you thought of it."

"Play?" asked Don, filling his nose with the ripeness of corn.

"Excuse me, Don Calico Corn,"—the Oaf suddenly remembered his manners—"I am Tumblewords, poet and playwright at the Court of King Caper, ruler over all Fairy Folk in Alta and Baja California."

"I am honored," the Don replied. Bowing lower than corn in the wind, he swept the dusty ground with his hat, "And how may I serve you?"

"Señor," said Tumblewords, "I need costumes, costumes for my Fairy Folk Tale Pageant, which will be given on mid-autumn eve. Unusual costumes with a shimmer and shine to them! Costumes for elves and gnomes and dwarfs and fairies and fauns. Forty thousand costumes in all!"

"But," murmured Don Calico Corn, "there is no ship due with silks and damasks and brocades for some weeks. And I have nothing but poor

stuffs woven by the Indians from Yucca and Mesquite."

"Silk!" cried the Oaf. "You have yards of silk thread!"

"I?" exclaimed the good Don.

"Corn silk," said Tumblewords, "yards of corn-silk thread! And when spun and woven and dyed purple and pomegranate and blue, I shall have forty thousand costumes with a shimmer and shine to them. Señor, when the Indians husk the corn, if you will have them pile the silk threads in a neat pile for me, Good Luck will be your shadow and the shadow of all your household."

"The silk is yours!" Don Calico Corn bowed easily. "At sun-up the Indians begin husking. Before grinding the corn into meal for tortillas, tamales, and tamalitos, they will pile a neat pile of corn silk for you in a dry corner of my patio."

"Then I shall call for it to-morrow night. But I must ask you not to mention this to any one, or Bad Luck will be your shadow and the shadow of all your household."

And at that the Oaf went rolling away in his Tumbleweed.

Now Don Calico Corn had an Indian girl

wife, christened Carmelita by the Padre at the Mission of San Fernando. And besides his beautiful wife, this happy Don had a son, five years old. The Indians called the boy Chief Corn, because he was a pompous little fellow, wearing a sombrero and riding a cow pony through miles of bowing corn.

But Don Calico Corn did not tell Carmelita or Little Chief Corn what happened because the Oaf had said, "I must ask you, Señor, not to mention this to any one, or Bad Luck will be your shadow and the shadow of all your household."

Late the next night, Don Calico Corn was sitting in his study reading an old Spanish romance by candlelight, when he heard a tiny tapping noise, like a thimble knocking against a work basket. Looking up sharply, he saw Tumblewords leaping through the window with the pile of corn silk in his arms.

"Excuse me," said the Oaf, "for calling so late, but I wished to thank you, Señor, for this splendid silk."



Don Calico noticed how excited the Oaf looked. His eyes were bright as specks of hot oil and his words boiled over:

"Dio mío, I must ask another favor! Your patio, like a mountain cañon! It would be perfect for my Fairy Folk Tale Pageant. Arches and trees for exits and entrances! Bridges and twisting trails for processions! Can't you just see it?—forty thousand elves and gnomes and fauns and fairies in purple and blue costumes, with a shimmer and shine to them! The music, the dancing, the flower lanterns, and the King and all his court on your balconies!"

"It will be magnificent," exclaimed Don Calico Corn, dropping his book.

"Yes," said the Oaf, quivering with enthusiasm, "magnificent! But I can use your patio, Señor, only on one important condition. No human eye must witness our Fairy Pageant. If we are disturbed, I must warn you, Bad Luck will be your shadow and the shadow of all your household." And making a daring leap through the window, Tumblewords was gone.

The good Don smoked for a long time chuckling to himself, thinking how he wished

Little Chief Corn had been there to see this leaping Oaf.

Soon mid-autumn eve came. Don Calico Corn sent the Indians away early, took Carmelita by the hand, leading her to her room, and then went to look at the Little Chief sleeping as tight in his Spanish cradle as a cub bear in his hole on mid-winter eve.

"Now," said Don Calico Corn to himself, "nobody will disturb the Fairy Pageant. That Oaf is probably a nervous wreck by this time. I hope everything goes well." And the merry Don went to read and smoke in his study.

But it happened that the night was hot. There was a calm at sea, and the wind was coming in from the desert with its tongue burned, so, before midnight, Little Chief Corn woke up. Feeling hot all over, he climbed out of his Spanish cradle and, taking his blanket, crept with the silent movements of an Indian out to the patio, where he stretched himself under an acacia tree, staring stolidly at the stars. Now, Little Chief Corn was no sooner asleep than the Fairy Folk Tale Pageant began with an entrance of Fauns playing lightly on cornstalk pipes. And just when

the Pageant was at its height, the little boy woke up. He rubbed his eyes hard to get the wonder out of them, for there was the patio crowded with singing and leaping fairies, swinging flower lanterns. They were winding over the bridges and twisting trails in costumes with a shimmer and shine to them, while King Caper and all his Fairy Court leaned over the balconies shouting, "Bravo, bravo!"

Now the Indian half of Little Chief Corn lay still and stared, but the half of him that was Spanish cried out, "Oh, oh, o-o, o-o! Oh, oh, o-o, o-o!" Whereupon there was a terrible shriek from forty thousand elves and gnomes and fauns and fairies. The lights went out and a wailing so awful began that Little Chief Corn stuffed his ears with dry fern leaves and stalked up to his father's study, where Don Calico Corn was reading an old Spanish romance by candle-light. The Little Chief told his father all that had happened.

"Ay, ay!" cried Don Calico Corn, "never look behind you, for now you and I and Doña Carmelita have Bad Luck for our shadows."

And so it happened. Little Chief Corn's cow pony died. Then the rains came much too early,

molding the cornmeal, so that Don Calico Corn could not sell it to the cattle barons for tortillas, tamales, and tamalitos. Then the beautiful Doña Carmelita fell ill, and Don Calico Corn would say sadly to his little son, "Ay, ay, never look behind you!"

One sultry night, Little Chief Corn again climbed out of his Spanish cradle, and taking his blanket, crept with the silent movements of an Indian out to the patio, where he lay down under an acacia tree, staring stolidly at the stars, when a big Tumbleweed rolled rapidly up to him and out tumbled the Oaf.

"Did I startle you?" he asked without smiling.

Little Chief Corn stood up, drawing himself high in his Indian blanket.

"No," he said, "I am an Indian, so I heard you coming, and I am a gentleman of Spain, so I am never startled."

Tumblewords clapped his hands. "Good!" he cried. "You are an actor! And if you will take the Indian Chief part in the play I am putting on to-night, and do it well, Good Luck will be your shadow and the shadow of your father and mother and all their household. I need you, Chief Corn. You are dressed for the part

and you can act. Besides, you are the only mortal who has laid eyes on all the Fairy Folk of Alta and Baja California." The Oaf made a horrible face. "Spoiled my pageant, but never mind that now. Come along, I need an Indian for my play."

Whereupon the Oaf rolled away in his Tumbleweed, Little Chief Corn following, wrapped in his Indian blanket. And so it happened that this little boy took the leading part in a Fairy Play, given before King Caper and all his court. The King applauded him again and again, and the courtiers shouted, "Bravo, Bravo!"

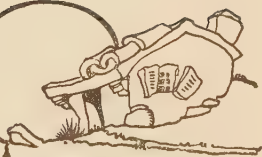
After the play, the King gave Chief Corn a sack full of secrets and Good Luck shadows, one for himself, one for Don Calico Corn, one for his mother, the beautiful Doña Carmelita, and one for every member of their household. Then the Oaf rolled him home in his own Tumbleweed, because Little Chief Corn had been a great success in the play. The little boy rolled nimbly out of the Tumbleweed, and running into the patio, called joyously to his father and mother, "Look behind you, look behind you!"

They both did and sure enough they saw they had Good Luck for their shadows and the shad-

ows of all their household. The corn never molded again and Doña Carmelita was never sick, Don Calico Corn laughed more heartily than ever, and the Little Chief rode a new cow pony through miles of bowing corn.



PAJARO





IN THE other times, there was once a tramp called Pájaro. He was as old as the roads, and as tired of going up and down. So he settled, one wet December night, in an adobe house, decayed of neglect. It huddled on a cliff over Monterey Bay, and a few red tiles were still left on the roof. The sand dunes had drifted up against the doors, for nobody but the Fogs ever went in or out of it. But it seemed a cheery enough place to Pájaro on a wet night, and the salt on his tongue put him in such high spirits that, between night and morning, he decided to become a sorcerer, because, as he said to himself—there being nobody else around to say it to—"It's an easy life here with nothing to do but scratch the sand with my heels for crabs when the mackerel aren't running. It's an easy life,

so I may as well spend my days becoming a great sorcerer."

And a great sorcerer he became. For, there being no glass in any window of his house, big stretches of sky were let in, and in this way Pájaro came to know all manner of queer things about the sky and the stars, making him a great sorcerer indeed.

Now, one of the queerest of all the great things Pájaro came to know was that diamonds are made in the sky by the crashing together of shooting stars, going as fast as they have a mind to, which is often forty-five miles a second. But, as Pájaro said:

"There is no need for any one to stop these speed-mad stars because, when they do run into each other, great diamonds are made in their sides, instead of horrible dents."

Now the evening Pájaro made this remark to himself was a clear evening and he was sitting by his dried seaweed fire, sipping hot cider he had mulled from the manzanita-tree apples of the back chaparral country. And he amused himself by watching a shower of shooting stars fall headlong on to the earth.

"Just to think of it," he muttered, "and they're

sticking with diamonds, sticking like pincushions with diamonds!" And Pájaro drew in his toes from the fire for fear too much warming might give him chilblains. For he was a nervous little man, nervous as a Mexican jumping bean, and he hated chilblains which kept him from moving spryly about. He was a little man, as I have told you, and the hairs of his head and beard were red as the lichen which rusted the wind-twisted-up cypress trees, crowding about his old house.

Now, the clear evening turned into a wet night, and worsened. A Storm came lashing a whip over the Sea. And the Sea cried out and cried out, moving in great pain and fear. And when Pájaro went down to the beach in the morning to get seven sand crabs for his breakfast, the Sea lay quiet with sea gulls crying over it. But what surprised him was a ship he found there, belonging to King Philip of Spain. It was a wreck of a ship now, a thing put ashore by the Storm. But even standing there thirsty on the sand dunes, with her beautiful sails dragging like a mermaid's tail, this was a ship of great queenliness, made of rare woods: aloe, Spanish cedar, and fine cypress, carved all over by hand.

Pájaro rubbed his hands together with pleasure, and without thinking of the double moy-dores, wine skins, and rotted brocades in her hold, he set to work, making in three days' time an airship out of the supple woods of the King's old ship. And this airship was as well balanced as a seed carrier, for Pájaro had become a great sorcerer indeed.

Now, the third night after the storm was a clear night, so whenever Pájaro saw a shooting star fall, off he immediately flew in his airship and got hot and out of breath from digging diamonds out of the sides of shooting stars that fell on the earth that night. And before long his pockets were jingling and jumping with gems.

In this way, the little sorcerer came to possess so many and such huge jewels that he decided to put diamond window panes in all his windows, which were without glass.

"And then," he said to himself, "I'll keep out these Fogs entirely, for they're damp things to have around the house."

Now, these diamond window panes made Pájaro's adobe house brighter to look upon in the hot California sun than anything else in the whole wide world. And the Padres and the In-

dians and the Cattle Barons living thereabouts knew better than to look at it at all when the sun was shining, because nobody could look upon a thing so bright as that and not go blind.

But nights when the sorcerer sat at home drinking hot cider with his candles all burning, his adobe hut became the grandest Lighthouse in the whole wide world, filling the Bay of Monterey from side to side with a glorious light, until the Bay itself glittered like a big diamond, and merchant ships were loaded at midnight with hides as swiftly as though it were bright morning.

Now, it happened, one winter, that the storms were many and heavy along this coast, so that merchant ships did not put into the Bay, and the Padres and Cattle Barons could not sell their hides. Hides were stacked to ceilings in the hide houses of Cattle Barons, and the Missions of San Carlos and Carmel were filled up with them, so everybody became poor in purse and prayed for a quiet sea. And their prayer came true, the late afternoon before Christmas Day when a merchant ship put safely into port. The Captain came ashore with difficulty in a high tide to bargain for hides, a piece of busi-

ness which kept him a long time, for the people had not seen a stranger these six months and were as full of questions as their hide houses were full of hides. But at last, between eating and drinking and the trading of Señoras and Señoritas who wished silks and shawls and satin shoes and buckles and laces, prices were set for the hides and the Captain said tersely, "Remember, I take them off to-night. To-morrow we're nosing toward the Horn. Now, up and throw your hides over the cliffs to-night. My men will load them on the beach below!"

The Captain went back to his ship, and the whole town was thrown into consternation. There was a bitter chatter of women in the adobe houses of Monterey, and sullen-faced men sat on their horses in the streets.

"Ay, ay! *Uy! Virgen Santísima del Rosaria!* a fine business! Christmas Eve and a midnight service in the Mission of San Carlos with all the Indians chanting the Gloria, and afterward a spicy feast with whirls of dancing, and here is a heretic from a dirty old brig wishing us to spend the night throwing ninety thousand unwieldy hides, one by one, over the cliffs, ay! ay!"

That's what lay at the bottom of the bitter chatter of the Señoras and Señoritas. And in that same way every Don's mind was running too. For though purses were empty, eggshells were full of cologne to break over the heads of dancers. And gallant caballeros had gone hungry or sold their favorite horses so that they might wear plum-colored velvet embroidered with silver to the Christmas Fiesta. "And here was a heretic from a dirty old brig——"

But, never mind, the Alcalde had an idea.

"Pájaro!" he exclaimed. "Let the little sorcerer who won't come to the Fiesta, and who can do what fifty men cannot do, throw hides over the cliffs to-night, and to-morrow our purses will be round as the moon with silver."

At that, an Indian ran into the street, gathering up the lasso attached to the neck of a wild horse, and off he galloped with a message to Pájaro from the Alcalde of Monterey.

Now, Pájaro was suffering from chilblains, so the Indian found him soaking his feet in a pan of warm water, while he mounted on cotton the hundreds of moths that had beaten themselves to death against his diamond window panes. And there were many candles burning about the

room, for when Pájaro was a tramp on the road he always admired well-lighted houses.

"An order from the Alcalde," said the Indian. Pájaro read the paper the Indian brought and began drying his red feet.

"Bring the hides," he said. So fifty Indians brought the hides slowly in fifty ox carts, piling what looked like a mountain of hides on the Point where Pájaro lived. Then they drove more quickly back, to be on hand for chanting the Gloria.

The little sorcerer put on two pairs of warm socks and a bulky cape. Then he snuffed out his candles, for it was moonlight outside, and started pitching hides over the cliffs. The hides were big as tents. They were stiff, doubled, and heavy. But Pájaro enjoyed watching the wind take them and ride them high before they plunged over the cliffs to the beach hundreds of feet below. And as fast as the hides came to ground, sailors from the merchant brig swung



them on their heads and walked off through the low tide, loading them on small boats.

Pájaro had completely forgotten his chilblains in the excitement of pitching hides, when a craft flying the black flag of Brazilian Pirates put its dirty nose into the Bay, and sneaking through the sea like a copperhead sneaking through sagebrush, the boat swung close in, and the pirates fell upon the small boats filled with hides. Just then a wind with a whistle to it came in off the sea, turning Pájaro, who was lifting a heavy hide, head over heels. The little fellow went spinning along and along like a lost hat. And when he got back on his feet, he heard shots, dozens of shots, and enraged and dying cries of men.

"It all happened of a sudden," as Pájaro said afterward. "Like any poor soul, my brains were buttered all over with surprise and I went stumbling down and down until I was on the beach in the middle of what was going on—a great scuffling of men, with knives turning and twisting this way and that in the moonlight. And the cries—Oh, you haven't heard the cries of dying men, dying all in a heap together! And I wakened up some time that night bound on

the deck of the Pirate ship, and the crew of the merchant brig was floating around wounded and dead in the water. And the Pirate ship smelled like a hide house on a warm day, for the hides I had pitched over the cliff were piled everywhere, and the sailors lying on them were still hot from the fight. But the wind had gone down, and I heard the Brazilians saying they would wait for sun-up to run for the open sea. So I lay there chuckling like cider running out of a mill. And when the Sun got up and out of the water, I heard the old Pirate Captain scream out, and I knew the Sun had struck first thing my diamond window panes. And all the sailors turned to follow their captain's sightless eyes, and every Pirate on that bloody ship was struck blind of a sudden. A bunch of filthy bats they were!"

And this, at any rate, was the story Pájaro told the Alcalde when he brought the blind Brazilian Pirates roped together through the streets of Monterey on Christmas morning. And the Comandante of the Presidio of Monterey kept the blind Pirates to throw hides over the cliffs, while the Señoras, Señoritas, Dons, and Caballeros of Monterey were too busy riding and

courting and singing and dancing to do anything else.

And many a bleak night when Pájaro sat by his dried seaweed fire, sipping hot cider and mounting moths, he heard the Brazilian Pirates calling and cursing as they pitched the heavy wind-taken hides. At that, he used to say to himself, "Ay, ay! such a sad commotion, all because they are cold and turned head over heels now and again by the wind, and not one of them is suffering from chilblains which keep him out of his airship."

But this all happened in the other times, and there is no sign now of Pájaro's adobe house with its diamond window panes. Though you can still find the old rusty rings on the beach below, where merchant brigs fastened their small boats, while the blind Brazilian Pirates pitched hides to them from the high cliffs above Monterey Bay.



THE HOBBY OF
HUGH MIDITY





Juicy wild Onion roots

THE HOBBY OF HUGH MIDITY



*A Tale for Country Children, Especially for
the Children of Kaweah Cañon, where Wild
Animals Are More Plentiful than Children
and where the Kingfisher Wears a Blue Belt*

THERE was once, some time ago, a young Bear called Tonito, living with his widowed mother in the Sierra Nevada Mountains near a high place named Mineral King. Now, this young Bear, instead of going to bed at eight o'clock or half-past eight, used to sit up until ten and sometimes twelve at night eating wild chia honey. And his mother's hair was getting whiter and whiter from worrying about Tonito.

"But," he would ask, reasonably enough, "what is the use of my going to bed at eight o'clock or half-past eight, when I never get to

sleep before one?" And there he would sit, wide awake, licking his honey spoon.

Now Tonito had a poor time during the day, because, having next to no sleep, he felt too tired to play or scamper about the Sierra Nevadas, burrowing for sweet skunk-cabbage roots, which grow thereabouts. So he just sat at home and got thin as a slice of boiled ham.

And all this time his poor mother's hair was growing whiter and whiter from worrying about him, until she looked much like a great white Polar Bear. And the neighbors were not nearly so friendly to her now as they used to be. For neighbors are never nearly so friendly to any one who is different or getting different. Now, when Tonito's mother went up and down her blackberry patch, the neighbors pointed at her white hair and snickered. And they thought she didn't see them point or hear them snicker. But she did.

One morning, Tonito's mother was crying into the breakfast dishwater because Tonito couldn't sleep, and here she was turning into a great white Polar Bear from worrying about him, when a Friar Rabbit, going by the door, heard

her complaining and whisked himself into the kitchen.

"Tush!" said the Friar Rabbit, "tush, tush!"

And Tonito's mother stopped crying into the breakfast dish water to put her eyebrows up in surprise, like the timid creature she was.

"Tush," said the Friar Rabbit, "if you had long ears like mine, ma'am, you would have heard before this that, if a body wishes to sleep as tight as a cork in a bottle, all he needs to do is roll about in a Bear-clover Patch, and before supper is over he will be blinking and nodding and bobbing his head. But if your son rolls longer than twenty minutes in a Bear-clover Patch he will need, ma'am, a nap in the afternoon besides."

And at that the Friar Rabbit whisked himself out of the kitchen, dragging his long ears after him and listening as he ran.

So early next morning Tonito rolled and tumbled in a Bear-clover Patch and that night blinked and nodded and bobbed over his supper, just as the Friar Rabbit said he would. That very night, too, his poor mother's hair stopped turning white, for Tonito went yawning to bed

ten minutes after eight o'clock and slept tighter than a cork in a bottle.

On getting up next morning, the little Bear felt fine all over. And, after a breakfast of hot buttered johnnycake and jam, ran outside, jumped over his poor mother's house, and walked far and fast through the redwood trees until he came to the Kaweah River, beating its way down a timbered greasewood-grown cañon of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. And here he found so well matted and sunny a patch of Bear-clover that he rolled and tumbled and stood on his head in it, until he went sound asleep again.

Now, no sooner had Tonito gone sound asleep in the Bear-clover Patch than three hunters in whipcord breeches and sweaters the color of greasewood came into Kaweah Cañon looking for bear. They had with them three Airedale terriers, and these were holding their noses wide with pleasure, sniffing the nice aggravating bear smell of Tonito. And there the poor fellow slept in the Bear-clover Patch, dreaming he was jumping over the whole Sierra Nevada range as easily as he had jumped over his mother's house. And the three hunters and their three dogs came on, furtively crawling through tall

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greasewood, comfortably thinking no eye could see them.

But the keenest eye in all Christendom saw them: a Kingfisher looked up from his fishing in the Kaweah River, turned his head, with a jerk, and saw these three hunters and their dogs going like reptiles through the greasewood. At that he let out a harsh rattling cry, telling wild folk their clumsiest enemy was around. Minding this warning, a Coyote stopped drinking from the Kaweah River and broke for cover. The Friar Rabbit was going calling on an old parishioner, but at the Kingfisher's dire cry trotted for home as quickly as though he had forgotten his hat. Mountain Beavers bustled themselves into their burrows, and Tonito woke up, stretching himself as if he were made out of elastic all over.

Seeing this lazy young Bear, the Kingfisher repeated his alarm, and Tonito jumped right over the Kaweah River, knowing he was pressed



for time. And if I told you all of it, you would know how he jumped over the Kaweah River in five different places, rolling down a mountain besides, with the three Airedales barking like angry motor horns behind him, and the guns of the hunters popping like backfire. But his long nap in the Bear-clover Patch had made Tonito feel swift as an army plane. In no time at all, he was safely home in his mother's house, and that night went sound asleep over his six-o'clock supper of blackberries, huckleberries, and wild chia honey.

Next morning, Tonito ambled back to the Kaweah River, bent on thanking the Kingfisher for saving his life. He took with him a basket of buttered johnnycake crumbs and a handful of red gooseberries. There he found the Kingfisher and his wife fishing alone in the Kaweah River, for it is law among Kingfishers that only one family may fish a stream at a time.

"Good-afternoon," called Tonito, shaking the Bear-clover smell out of his coat.

"Oh, good afternoon," answered the Kingfisher unpleasantly, for, of all birds, he is most disagreeable. "There," he cried, "I lost my fish."

"Please, I came back to thank you for saving my life. My mother sent you these buttered johnnycake crumbs and a few red gooseberries. Now, is there anything else you might like?" Tonito asked coaxingly.

"Yes," said the Kingfisher, "I would like a blue belt."

Tonito swallowed nervously. "But you have a nice white collar already," he said.

"I know it, that's why I didn't ask you to get me one. What I need is a blue belt. So see that you have it here in time for the full of the moon, or neither I nor any of my Kinsmen will bother about saving your life the next time." And, saying that, the Kingfisher dove for a fish while his wife flew away to their burrow in the river bank, taking buttered johnnycake crumbs to her babies.

Tonito walked off in a terrible state, having no idea how or where he could get a blue belt for this Kingfisher. And if he didn't get it, he knew, the next time he fell asleep in a Bear-clover Patch, bullets would be finding him out.

Tonito hated most of all to tell his widowed mother what had happened, for fear her hair would start turning white once more from worry

and the neighbors begin snickering all over again.

So, although Tonito had rolled and tumbled in a Bear-clover Patch, he didn't sleep much that night, and next morning scarcely touched his johnnycake and jam. His mother watched him amble off through the greasewood. She wondered what in the world was wrong with him, for he hadn't even licked his honey spoon. The little Bear ambled on and on until he came upon a wet meadow where skunk cabbages grew to a great size looking like banana trees, silky and beautiful. And having nothing better to do, Tonito decided to dig up some skunk-cabbage roots for dinner. He made a hole under the tallest cabbage tree, a hole big enough to bury himself in, then began digging down and down until in digging he kicked something open with his hind foot and a peevish voice screamed.

"Come in, if you are coming in, and stay out if you are staying out, but close that door after you!"

Tonito shook the dirt off his feet and went in. And there, in an enormous low-ceilinged room all overgrown with twisted roots, sat a Little Vexed Man with a book on his knee and a smok-

ing lamp at his elbow. He wore a stiff white ruff about his neck which made him look as if he had just stuck his head through a full moon. He was a Little Vexed Man, as I have told you, and the twisted roots about his feet were littered with dirty old books. It would have been cold and dark in there, if dozens of roasting root fires had not been burning in all corners of the enormous room.

"Well?" asked the Little Vexed Man.

"Very well, thank you," answered Tonito, bowing the way his mother had taught him.

"No, no," cried the Little Vexed Man, "I mean, well, what are you doing here?"

"Nothing at all, sir," and Tonito shook the fine smell of Bear-clover out of his coat.

The Little Vexed Man sniffed. "That's a nice scent you have about you," he said.

"It is," answered Tonito, "and it comes from the Bear-clover I roll in every morning so I can sleep tight as a cork in a bottle at night."

"Here I live in this hole from Twelfth Night to Twelfth Night," exclaimed the Little Man, "so I can get at the roots of things, learning the this and the that of them, but I never before knew that rolling in a Bear-clover Patch would

make a body sleep of nights. And it's so lonely living down here studying square roots and cube roots and round roots that I sleep fitfully enough. I climb up to bed only to climb down again, and rest my brain by making these little oddities and accessories." He pointed to a fibrous clothes line at his back, hanging with the strangest and gayest things. Then he hopped down from the stool he was on.

"You may not believe it," he said putting his chest up, "but my name is Hugh Midity and I know more about meteorology and seismology than any one else in the whole world. But, see now"—he touched the things on the line delicately—"I amuse myself by making hoods for the Hooded Oriole, tufts and puffs for the Tufted Puffin, plumes for the Plumed Partridge, blue fronts for the Blue-fronted Jay, ruffs for the Ruffed Grouse, and black colors for the Stilt. That is my hobby!"

Tonito looked at these motley things, all fresh and fluffy. "Did you ever think," he asked timidly, "of making a blue belt for the Kingfisher?"

"For the Kingfisher?" screamed Hugh Midity all a-fidget. "I wouldn't make anything for that rascal! He has a white collar now,

but he didn't get it from me. No," cried Hugh Midity hotly, "I never thought of making a blue belt for the Kingfisher!"

At that, Tonito looked so wistful that, imagining he was hungry, the Little Vexed Man said: "We had better have supper, now you are here," and brought out a dish of juicy wild onion roots, nicely cooked with mushrooms and brown gravy. Hugh sat on one big root criss-crossing the floor and Tonito sat on another with the dish on a book between them. And in no time at all the young Bear was nodding and blinking and bobbing over his supper. To the little man's astonishment, Tonito was soon snoring like a boiling pot.

Hugh Midity climbed up to bed and climbed down again, looking enviously at Tonito where he slept by a roasting root fire tighter than a cork in a bottle. And so the Bear slept all night while the Little Vexed Man fidgeted about fashioning a ruby crown for the Ruby-crowned Kinglet, because he couldn't sleep that night. And in the morning, Hugh Midity had to shake the young Bear hard to get him up in time for breakfast. The odor of wild coffee berries steeping smelled good to Tonito, though he missed

the sputter of his mother's johnnycake in the pan.

The little man seemed more vexed than ever when he brought Tonito a basin and a piece of soap root to make himself tidy for breakfast.

"Here I've got down to the roots of 'most everything," he grumbled, "but what good does it all do me when I scarcely sleep of nights? What good does it all do me, ha?"

Tonito had but now burnt his tongue gulping hot coffee, so he just stared into space with vast tears in his eyes.

"I see you are sorry for me," said Hugh Midity, not knowing the tears came from Tonito's burned tongue. "That's good of you, and nobody has been sorry for me before. When the heat from my fires and the steam from my laundry suds reach up into towns, you should hear the people grumbling, 'Whee, it isn't the heat, it's Hugh Midity.' And whenever anything explodes while I'm making scientific experiments they shriek, 'Earthquake, earthquake!'"

"They must be a great nuisance," said Tonito.

"They are that!" exclaimed the Little Vexed Man, poking viciously at his fires. "But I could manage to forget about them if I could get a

wink of sleep these nights. I like the scent of your Bear-clover Patch, and I enjoy the idea of tumbling in it and standing on my head, but if I have to push my way up every morning to the top and walk a mile or more to a Bear-clover Patch, it will take time and enough away from my books and experiments to make me a witless old man."

"Well," said Tonito, feeling bold of a sudden, "I shall take you up every morning to a Bear-clover Patch and bring you down again pick-a-back if you will make me a blue belt for the Kaweah Kingfisher."

At that the Little Vexed Man jumped up as if stung by a bee. "Kaweah Kingfisher!" he cried, "I have no use for Kingfishers—bumptious, quarrelsome rapsallions, that's what they are!"

"But, listen, now," said Tonito. And the young Bear told Hugh Midity how his widowed mother's hair turned white every time she worried about him, and how the neighbors snickered at her. "And she's apt to turn into a Polar Bear if I don't get a blue belt for the Kaweah Kingfisher. And the because of it is that the Kaweah Kingfisher saved my life day before yesterday, and if I don't get him a blue belt for

the full of the moon, neither he nor his kinsmen will save it again, he says. So the next time I fall asleep in a Bear-clover Patch, bullets will be finding me out, and then my widowed mother will worry and worry and turn into a great white Polar Bear, and the neighbors will begin snickering all over again."

Hugh Midity sighed a great deep sigh that shook the stool he was on and the lamp at his elbow. "At last we have got down to the roots of the matter; now we can go ahead. Always start at the bottom, my boy," he told Tonito. "Instead of coming in here insisting that I make blue belts for Kingfishers, why didn't you begin at the bottom and tell me all this? You'd better go home now and let your mother know where you've been. And if you come back to-morrow, I'll have that blue belt for you, but it won't be a wide belt, mind you. I wouldn't make anything wide for a Kingfisher! It's nonsense," he said, "to suppose all birds are angels just because they have wings."

Tonito's face became glossy with pleasure. He thanked Hugh Midity, oh, a gross of times, promising to take him pick-a-back twice a week to a Bear-clover Patch.

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And so it happened that the Kaweah Kingfisher wore a blue belt for the full of the moon, and now all California Kingfishers are wearing them in the young moon, old moon, or no moon at all. Tonito goes to sleep wherever he wishes, knowing some grateful blue-belted Kingfisher will wake him up before bullets find him out. And Hugh Midity goes twice a week pick-a-back with Tonito to a Bear-clover Patch, where he tumbles and stands on his head, sleeping of nights tighter than any cork in a bottle.



ANOTHER STORY ABOUT
PAJARO





LEONARD

and away
they flow

ANOTHER STORY ABOUT PAJARO



PART I

THE KEG OF GEMS AND THE ANDALUSIAN BEES

IN THE afterwhile, Pájaro became a very old man. His red hair and beard had gone white, and there was a bend in his back besides. He was too old now to go traipsing away in his airship when showers of meteors sticking with diamonds fell on the earth these nights. So he just sat at home and grew wise until he was all overgrown with wisdom like a rock brightened up by overgrowing lichen.

And so wise did Pájaro become that, sitting drinking manzanita cider one night by his fire, he drew his toes well in for fear of chilblains and said to himself:

“If it wasn’t for getting my feet wet every

morning scratching the sands with my heels for crabs, now the mackerel aren't running, I wouldn't be suffering from chilblains at all and could warm my toes of an evening in peace."

And saying that, Pájaro put down his mug of cider and began rolling a heavy keg out from a corner of the room where the light of the candles didn't go. It was an ancient Moorish keg he rolled out of the dark corner, a marquetry keg trimmed with bits of etched bone.

The sorcerer set the keg straight up in front of his dried seaweed fire and began prying the top off. And when the heavy lid banged to the floor, diamonds rattled down with it, for the keg was full up to the top with gems.

Pájaro ran his hands and arms through the diamonds as though they were glimmery sea foam. Then he watched the light from his fire turn the gems into smoldering coals.

"And what good are they to me?" he asked



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himself plaintively. "I have to go hungry or else scratch the sand with my heels for crabs, and sit up all night with the chilblains from getting my feet soaking wet."

"*Por Dios!*" said Pájaro to himself. "I must trade my keg of diamonds for provisions of some sort. And then all I'll have left in the way of jewels will be my diamond window panes."

So, consoling himself with another mug of hot manzanita cider, Pájaro stayed awake that night because of the chilblains on his feet.

Next morning, the little bent man put the keg of diamonds on his head and, taking a wind-twisted-up cypress branch for a staff, went climbing down to the wharf. He saw there trading vessels from Chili and China and Cathay and Castile and Corsica flying their flags in Monterey Bay. And as the sailors from Chili and China and Cathay and Castile and Corsica came ashore in small boats, there was a commotion and confabulation when they saw the little bent sorcerer with the keg of gems. Brown men, yellow men, black men swarmed around Pájaro, swinging their arms about and shouting in every language he had ever heard in his life and five he had never heard before this. Even the gulls

and fat fishing pelicans seemed to be making more hubbub than usual and coming and going with greater flurry.

"I can't stand here long and get my feet wet and full of chilblains again," Pájaro cried, "so say it quickly, what will you trade in the way of provisions for this keg of jewels?"

One sailor, and he was part Mayan Indian, and wore a quetzal feather in his hair, offered Pájaro seventeen large monkeys for roasting.

"*Muy bueno!*" he said, going through all the lively motions of roasting monkeys on a spit. And the ship captains would have traded their whole cargos of soya beans, rice, coconuts, olives, limes, and skins of rare wines. But the up and down of it was that Pájaro traded his keg of diamonds for a swarm of Andalusian Bees belonging to the Captain of the Castilian vessel.

"I can eat all the honey I wish without getting fat, and I'd rather be too thin than too fat any day of the year." And saying that, Pájaro handed over the keg of gems, and, taking his staff and his swarm of Andalusian Bees, climbed slowly up the cliffs to his adobe house which huddled at the top.

And now, though his keg of diamonds was

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gone, the sorcerer was entirely happy, for his chilblains were gone as well, and every evening he toasted his toes in great peace by his dried seaweed fire. Whenever he was hungry now, Pájaro sat down to a dish of honey and enjoyed the sound in his ears of his Andalusian Bees filling themselves with nectar from the figwarts, beach asters, lupines, and wild lilacs which grew thereabouts.

PART 2 ANACAPA

NOW, about this time, when Pájaro had settled down with his Andalusian Bees in great contentment, mounting the moths that beat themselves to death against his diamond window panes and poring over big black books of sorcery while his toes were being toasted, a tribe of Digger Indians pitched their ochums on Point Lobos, a few miles south of Monterey.

These Indians were gathering soap root for

fishing, because, the spring water rush being over, the squaws caught fish left in shallow places by making a great suds in the water with soap root. The fish would come up to the surface feeling stupid because of the soap in their eyes, and the squaws would take the silly things home in a basket and cook them to a brilliant brown, salting them with seaweed.

Now, although these Digger Indians were ranging far and away through the redwood forests of the back country, they always took time to send Pájaro presents of fish and berries, as they knew him to be a great Medicine Man who could fly away like an eagle. And they thought his diamond window panes were the terrible eyes of the Gods and Demons who dwelt with him.

One morning, when the bucks were sitting around mats playing a guessing game with twenty-four bone and shell counters and the squaws were fishing shallow streams with soap-root suds, they sent a little Indian girl called Anacapa to Pájaro with a present of the first Yerba Buena Blossoms so he could brew himself a dish of tea.

Now, Anacapa loved more than anything else

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sounds of things. The way we enjoy looking at picture books, Anacapa enjoyed listening to a water ouzel singing, the call of a killdeer, or the coming and going of water with rocks in its way. Even small noises, movements of a squirrel eating fruit in a cajeput tree, or the scamper of winds through dry chamisal made a great pleasure for her.

And so it happened that Pájaro found Anacapa under his wind-twisted-up cypress trees with her head to one side listening to the music of his Andalusian Bees. Her bright red skirt was full up to the top with Yerba Buena Blossoms.

"Now, that is a nice sound the Bees make, Señor."

"It is," replied Pájaro, "I like it in my ears." And he took the present of Yerba Buena Blossoms she held out to him. "Will you have a dish of honey with me?"

"But not where the eyes can look at us," said Anacapa.

"What eyes? Oho, my diamond window panes. They won't hurt you, but see, now, we will sit back of this rock where the eyes can't look at us."

So Pájaro and the little Indian girl sat back of the rock, and, leaning against it, ate their dish of honey, Anacapa eating but little for listening to the Bees.

And when they had finished, the little girl said, "I'll come back some day and listen to the Bees again."

"Yes, do," said Pájaro and he waved to her as she looked back over her shoulder, shading her eyes with both hands.

The next day was a warm March day, and the sorcerer was sitting on a rock in the sun watching some pearl-fishing vessels in the harbor, when Anacapa ran out of the shadows of the cypress trees and, shielding her eyes against the blinding window panes, cried out in short breaths.

"Señor, the Bees, the Bees!"

"And what's wrong now?" exclaimed the nervous little man. "The Bees are away behaving themselves, aren't they? Gathering nectar and pollen, I suppose. Why do you run in here like that, all the breath going out of you as if you were a balloon with a hole in it?"

"Señor," said the little girl as best she could from being out of breath, "I have run for one

hour to tell you that the Andalusian Bees are swarming in the buckeye bushes. And, Señor Medicine Man, as sure as they take juice from those buckeye blossoms, they will die. I have seen bees and bees die that way."

Pájaro got up slowly, because his obstinate old joints wouldn't let him get up fast.

"Come, my child," he said and boosting Anacapa up into his airship, which was swinging on its anchor, he got up painfully himself, and away they flew to where the Indian girl had seen the Andalusian Bees swarming in the buckeye bushes. In no time at all, the airship came flying back, the Andalusian Bees following in a great bronze cloud, and Anacapa's bright red skirt tossing about like a sail in a windy sunset.

The airship came to ground. Anacapa jumped down, and then Pájaro got down carefully with the Queen Bee and set about putting the Andalusian Bees away in a new blue hive.

"Bees," he told Anacapa, "like blue. It's their favorite color. And I wish now to make you a present, Anacapa. What would you like as a gift?"

"Well, Señor Medicine Man, I shall tell you.

I would like most of all the gift of singing as easily and beautifully as the water ouzel can. And then, when I grow tall like a wahoo bush, I shall marry the Comandante of the Presidio of Monterey and wear a black lace mantilla on Sundays when I ride in a carriage to the Mission of San Carlos. And I shall swish a red, red fan about like this at the Comandante's balls."

"Now, for that matter," said Pájaro, "if I make you a present of singing as easily and beautifully as the water ouzel can, you may marry the King of Spain himself, if you choose, and wear yellow lace mantillas, and ride in a carriage with diamond window panes, and have six or seven of these red fans to swish about."

"No, no, I shall marry the Comandante of the Presidio of Monterey."

"Very well," said the sorcerer, grown cross of a sudden, "marry the Comandante," and he gave Anacapa the gift of singing as easily and beautifully as the water ouzel can. Then the Indian girl and Pájaro ate a dish of honey behind the rock where the eyes couldn't see them, and Anacapa ran away, singing and swinging a lupine leaf about as though it were a red, red fan. She was singing:

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"I dream of you,
I dream of you jumping,
Rabbit, jack rabbit, and quail."

And that was the last time Pájaro ever went out in his airship, though he lived for many years in great contentment, until he had twenty rows of blue beehives and slipped dustily along the road to Monterey, taking combs of fine honey to Doña Anacapa when she was the noble singing wife of the Comandante of the Presidio.

They say that it was whispered behind fans in the gay capital of Monterey, the gayest capital the New World ever had, that the reason Doña Anacapa sang as easily and beautifully as the water ouzel was because she ate magic honey every morning under a cajeput tree in her patio.

"And," said the whisperers, "it is brought to her once a week by a little old bent-up sorcerer called Pájaro!"



The
GREAT
GOD WAH-NEE-CHEES
NONSENSE POT





Right where the
Colorado Desert lies now

The GREAT GOD WAH-NEE-CHEES NONSENSE POT



THIS story all happened while the Giant Sloth was coming up from South America by way of the Isthmus of Panama. While he was doddering along, sleeping under giant ceiba trees and stumbling over giant coconuts, up in California everything was just as moist as a big piece of soaking wet blotting paper. Ferns grew up higher than elephants, which ambled about California at that time, trumpeting at the moon, because they couldn't quite reach it with their long, long trunks. Now you may see from this that these early California elephants took the moon for an extra large wild orange, or why else would they be trying to reach it with their trunks?

While the elephants were trumpeting at the moon and stamping their feet to keep them dry,

palm trees were waving big fans up and down along the sides of the lake which used to make a lappety-lap noise right where the Colorado Desert lies now. And it was because of the muggy moisty heat that these Palm Trees were waving their big fans up and down that way. And, no doubt, it was likewise because of the muggy, moisty heat that the Great God, Wah-nee-chee, dwelt on the tip-top of Mount Tamalpais, where he could get a decent breeze now and again from off the Pacific Ocean. Anyway, that was where Wah-nee-chee lived, ruling all the Indians and elephants and saber-tooth tigers and dire wolves and camels and condors and peacocks living thereabouts with his three excruciatingly difficult laws, which were these:

First Law: Keep your feet dry.

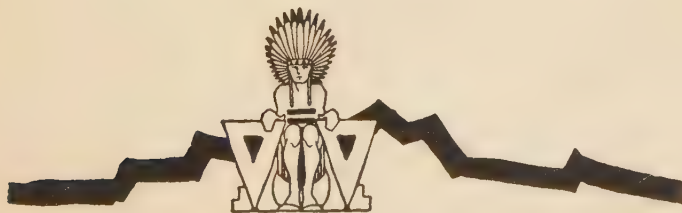
Second Law: Keep your heart warm.

Third Law: Keep your mouth shut as much as possible.

Now, of course, it was because of the last law that these elephants did most of their trumpeting

at night while the Great God, Wah-nee-chee, slept on the tip-top of Mount Tamalpais.

But on the first night of every new moon, all the Indians and elephants and saber-tooth tigers and dire wolves and camels and condors and peacocks went to the foot of Mount Tamalpais, taking with them sour berries, sequoia cones, dry orchids, and savory grasses to burn in the giant incense pot Wah-nee-chee kept there, so the warm smoke could come up and keep his feet dry. Now the Great God Wah-nee-chee liked, too, the good smell from the incense pot to be curling up through his nose. He liked especially the smell of sour berries the peacocks brought down to him from sequoia forests. So, when the ceremony was over and the coals at his feet were full of incense, the Great God Wah-nee-chee blessed all his subjects, saying to them:



"Now go and have a good time, but remember to keep your feet dry, your hearts warm, and your mouths shut as much as possible." Then, because his feet were nice and dry, the great God Wah-nee-chee went to sleep.

Now, it happened that an Indian girl, called Tee-hee-nay, was busy making songs and forgot to gather sequoia cones and savory grasses to dry for the Great God Wah-nee-chee's incense pot. Tee-hee-nay had left her bed every morning at dawn and slushed around in the forests making songs with no more sense to them than the stuttering of water getting down from tall ferns which grew thereabouts. And before Tee-hee-nay knew it, there was the new moon perched on a cloud nest. And Tee-hee-nay without as much as one dry savory grass blade for the Great God's incense pot! And before Tee-hee-nay knew it, there was the new moon flying away through the sky and all the Indians and elephants and saber-tooth tigers and dire wolves and camels and condors and peacocks ready to start for Mount Tamalpais with their bundles of sequoia cones, sour berries, and savory grasses.

Tee-hee-nay, being beside herself, began to

look under all the stones for savory bits of dry things; then, changing her mind, snatched up one of her foolish songs and padded after the cavalcade which added to itself as it went along more Indians and elephants and saber-tooth tigers and dire wolves and camels and condors and peacocks, all of them with bundles. But Tee-hee-nay always managed somehow to be padding along at the end. And she was singing her foolish song to herself because, being without a bundle, she felt awkward. And the song she was singing to herself went as much this way as any other:

“Hatchet and stone and an elephant’s bone,

A Lung-oo-too-koo-yah.

A tooth with a saw, a six-foot jaw,

A Lung-oo-too-koo-yah.

Wobbly clothes and a trunk for a nose,

A Lung-oo-too-koo-yah.

A punishment firm for this trumpeting worm,

A Lung-oo-too-koo-yah.”

Now, when they came to the foot of Mount Tamalpais, the Indians, the elephants, the saber-tooth tigers, the dire wolves, the camels, the condors and peacocks all danced slowly and religiously along, dropping their bundles of sequoia cones, sour berries, dried orchids, ferns, and savory grasses in the smoking incense pot. Then came forgetful Tee-hee-nay, putting in her foolish song. And at that, laughter suddenly ran down the Great God Wah-nee-chee, just as water runs down a hill.

"Now, who," he asked, looking down and chuckling a sounding chuckle, "who burned nonsense instead of incense in my incense pot?"

Tee-hee-nay held up her hand and the saber-tooth tiger, who liked her foolish ways, began sucking his lips nervously.

Then the Great God Wah-nee-chee said to the Indian girl: "Tee-hee-nay, you have not only made my feet warm, but warmed up my heart as well. But tell me, how did you come to burn nonsense instead of incense in my incense pot?"

Thereupon Tee-hee-nay bent herself to the ground.

"Great God Wah-nee-chee," she said, "Tee-hee-nay did intend bringing incense for the in-

cense pot, but, being late, she changed her mind at the last minute, bringing this nonsense instead."

Now, Wah-nee-chee was getting sleepy, because his feet were nice and dry from the smoke, but because his heart was warm, he stayed awake and said to his subjects kneeling in a big crowd around his incense pot:

"My children, I am about to make you a present, but I give it only to the women among you. I have found such pleasure because Tee-hee-nay changed her mind, burning nonsense instead of incense in my incense pot, that from now on I give to all women forever, and, moreover, forever and ever again, the privilege of changing their minds. And after this, if you must burn incense to me, burn incense, but if you can burn nonsense to me, my admonition to you all is this: Burn nonsense. I find it dries my feet fully as well as the incense and warms my heart up besides. Now, have a good time, but remember to keep your feet dry, your hearts warm, and your mouths shut as much as possible." And saying that, the Great God Wah-nee-chee slept.

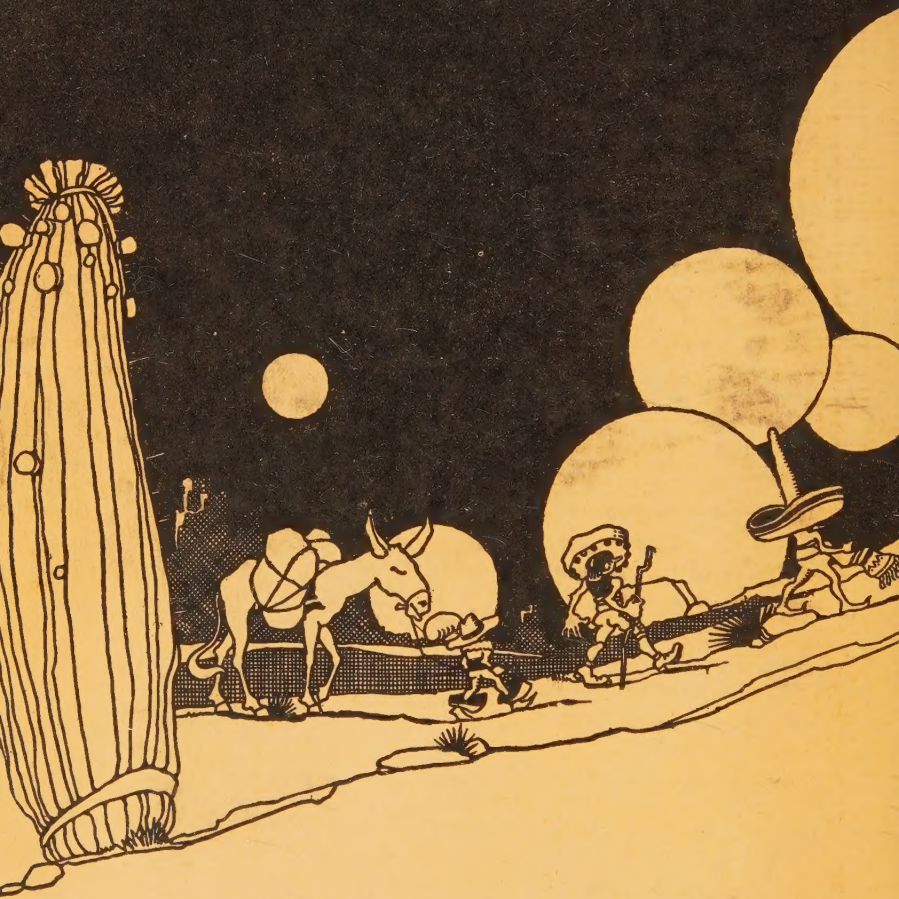
From that day on, women began to change their minds with the wind, because it was their

privilege. And all this time the Giant Sloth was coming up from South America by way of the Isthmus of Panama, doddering along, sleeping under giant ceiba trees and stumbling over giant coconuts.











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